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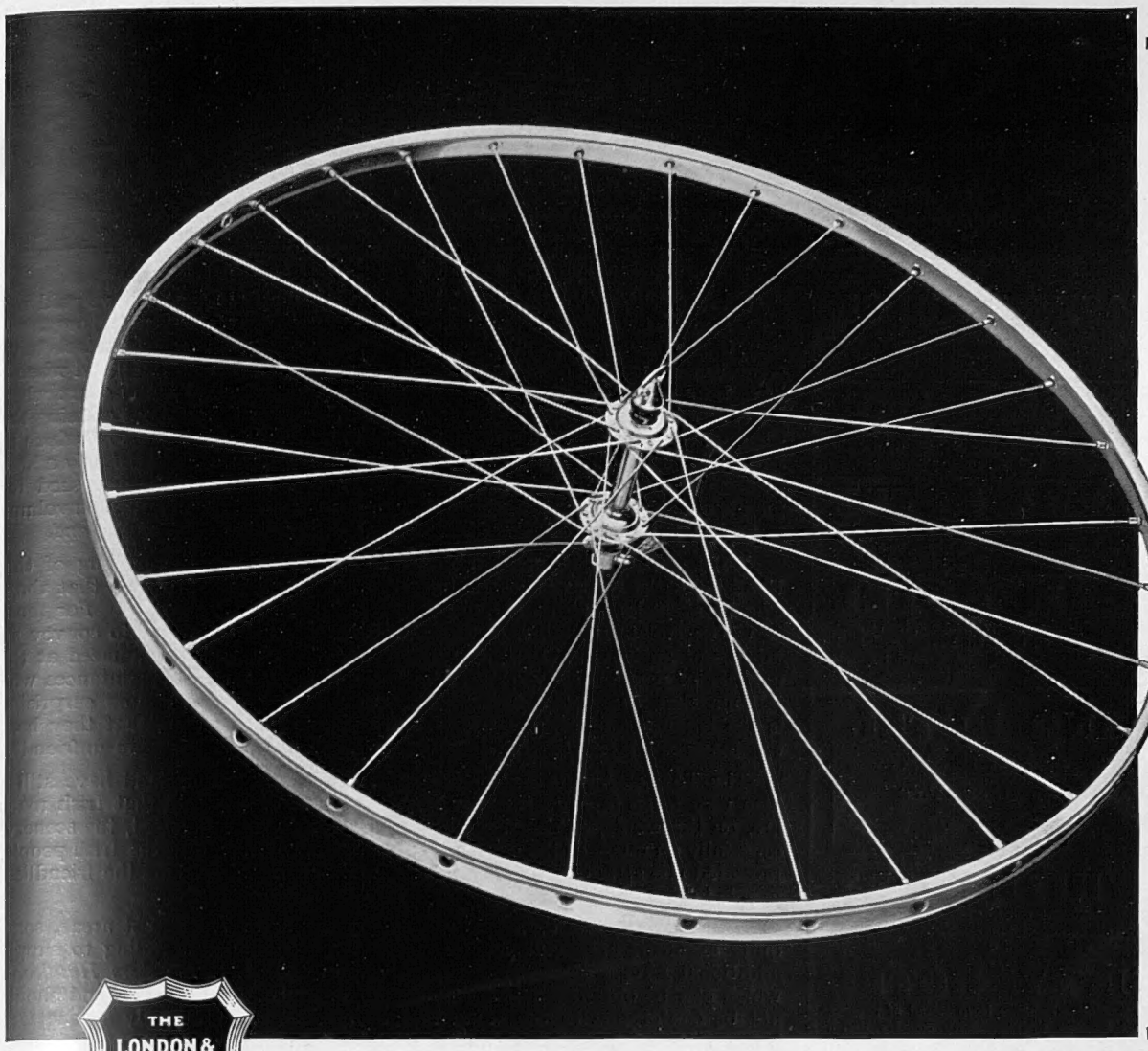

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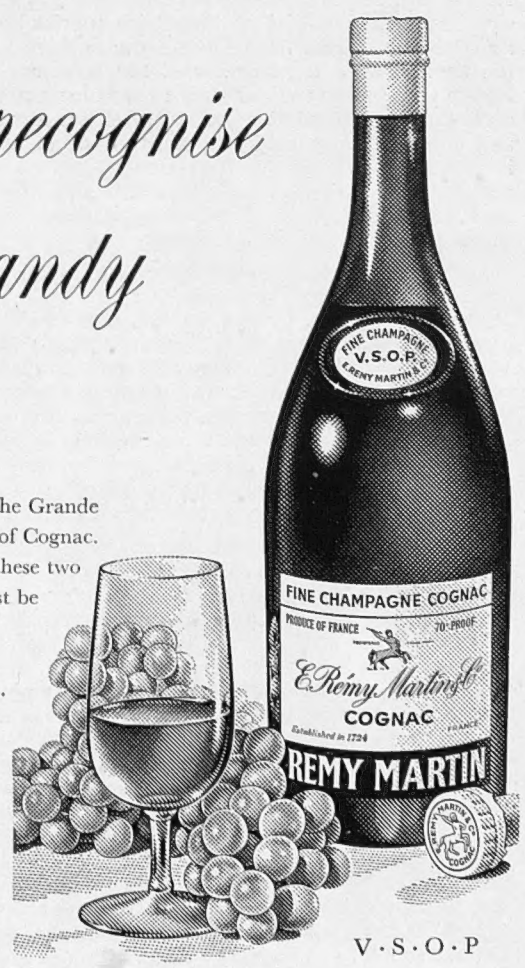

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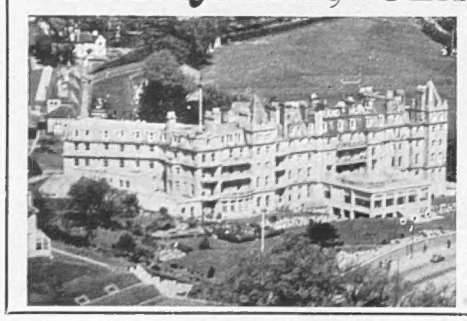

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"*ROAD BOOK OF IRELAND.*" Many is the time that I have paid my humble tribute to the invaluable service which that fifty-year-old organisation, the Automobile Association, renders to motorists. Their road patrols have come to the rescue when I have run out of petrol (before rationing) and when I have been held up with a puncture. They have defended me in court when I have inadvertently broken the law. I should never think about crossing the Channel without their aid and additional to their *Members Handbook* which in Britain is as helpful as the *Michelin Guide* is in France, I have recently added to my collection of books this *Road Book of Ireland* which, published for members only at the outstandingly low price of 12s. 6d., is a companion volume to their *Road Book of England and Wales* and the *Road Book of Scotland.*

"The A.A.'s experience of fifty years has gone to the making of this Road Book," I quote from the introduction, "and it is probable that those who know Ireland well will nevertheless learn something from it. For those to whom Ireland is still unknown the Road Book is intended to convey an intelligent anticipation of the tourist's needs." I am always amazed at the number of people in my own small circle of friends and acquaintances who tell me that they have never been to Ireland, and even more surprising is the ignorance of otherwise intelligent people who tell me that they hear the roads are poor, the hotels are impossible and the Irish are unfriendly.

The Tourist Authorities of both Eire and Northern Ireland have still a long way to go in educating my fellow motorists in Britain that Irish roads are, on the whole, extraordinarily good, are very unfrequented, the scenery, especially on much of the coastline, extraordinarily fine, and the Irish people, provided you steer clear of religious and political argument, are the friendliest people in the world.

As regards hotels there are to-day, especially in the tourist areas, some quite excellent ones and that is where I am happy and willing to supply additional advice other than that given in the *A.A. Members Handbook*, which can be obtained free by all members touring the country and should not be confused with the Road Book. The latter is not only a gazetteer, but a mine of information and a positive "must."

I heartily commend to those planning Ireland for the first time the map on page 22, which suggests an itinerary of about 1,000 miles and could conveniently start from any of the usual ports of entry. Possibly the majority will begin and end their tour at Dublin, for whether you arrive at the airport six miles to the north, or at Dunlaoghaire by sea six miles to the south, all roads lead to and from this progressive capital city which now tops over a million inhabitants. Here to-day is the heart of progressive hotel-keeping in Ireland. Its leading hotels—The Gresham, The Royal Hibernian, The Russell and The Shelbourne—are not only top grade but are valuable training grounds for managerial posts in Irish tourist hotels throughout the country. Starting south-west from Dublin the colourful Wicklow Mountains provide the first taste of the softness of the Irish countryside. To enjoy them at leisure you will be well advised to stop for a night or so at the seaside resort of Greystones where the Grand Hotel has a first-class name for its comfort and cuisine. Tramore is the next resort of importance, though in passing it should be pointed out that Ireland has no seaside resorts of the size or with the amenities of, say, Bournemouth, Torquay or Scarborough. Yet there will be many who prefer these smaller Irish resorts where sea, sunshine and scenery are the major charm.

Cork and the wide area covered by Cork Harbour is well worth lingering around, and if I were to choose your route for you westward it would be via Kinsale to Bantry. Here, beyond the small town, you will come to the attractive Ballylickey Hotel which is much like an English country home with its lovely grounds, library and cosy lounges. It provides, too, a welcome surprise to the motorist in that many of the bedrooms have their own bathrooms. A few miles beyond, through an arched entrance, you will come to Ardnagashel House Hotel where Ronald Kaulback and his wife dispense Irish hospitality in that delightful free and easy way which is one of Ireland's many charms. A good spot for young people seeing the shore is but 25 yards distance with everything laid on for sailing and sub-aqua fishing.

Space prohibits but the barest reference to further high spots in this suggested A.A. itinerary, but the following place names may well be underlined in red for the excellent hotel accommodation they offer. Parknasilla, Great Southern Hotel and, nearby, a charming guest house, Tahilla Cove. Waterville, the Butler Arms and the Southern Lake Hotel. At Adare, near Limerick, The Dunraven Arms. At Galway the Great Southern Hotel, and, as at least two days ought to be spent in Connemara, note a charming guest house hotel near Oughterard called Currarevagh. Beyond Castlebar, Pontoon Bridge Hotel is admirably situated both for fishermen and motorists. Beyond Sligo is Rosses Point Hotel with a championship golf course adjoining. More good golf to be had at Bundoran, where the best hotel is the Great Northern. Now follows the wild coastline of Donegal where your northern objective should be the Rosapenna Hotel at Carrigart, which is a self-contained sportsman's paradise. Between Letterkenny and Londonderry one crosses the border into Northern Ireland where the main attraction to motorists is the Antrim coast road which, leading past the Giant's Causeway, provides superb scenery along much of its smooth, wide and well-graded surface. Belfast should, of course, be visited, but as good accommodation is, for the most part, bespoken, the tourist may prefer to head southwards and stay at the Slieve Donard Hotel at Newcastle which lies in the shadow of the Mourne Mountains. Another hotel worth noting, proceeding southwards to Dublin, is the Ballymascanlon, near Dundalk.

Armed with this *Road Book of Ireland* and the *Members Handbook*, making use of the on-the-spot facilities that are available at the A.A. offices in Belfast, Cork and Dublin, and by making use of the road signposting they have instituted all over the country, your first motoring tour of the Emerald Isle may well become, as it has in our case, an annual-look-forward-to event.

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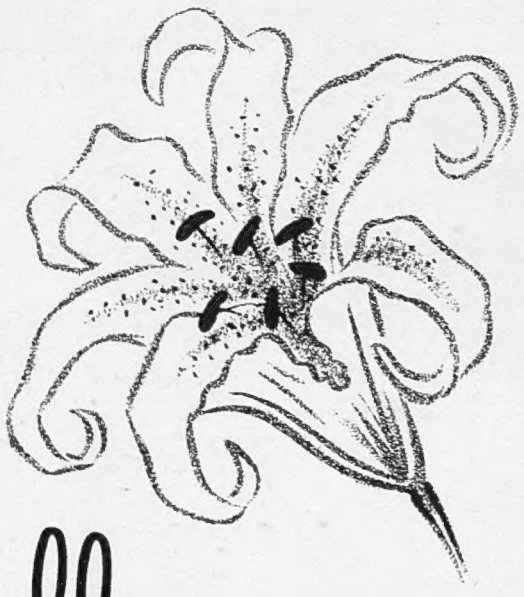

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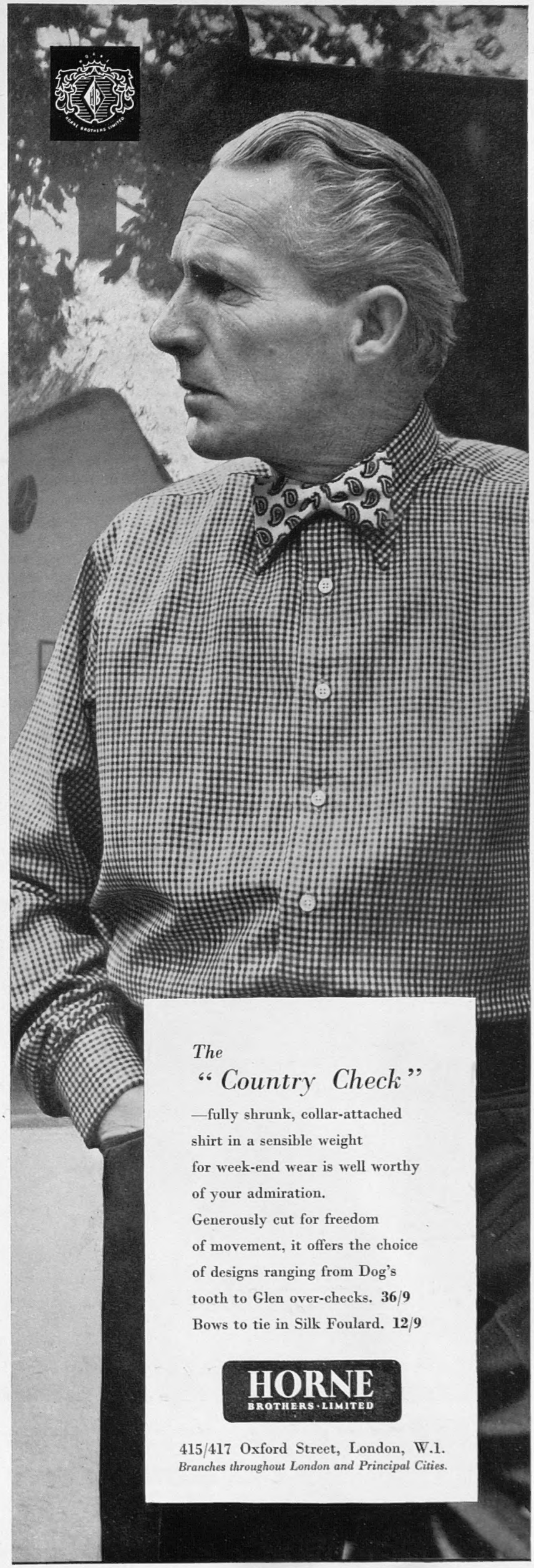

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Volume CCXXIX No. 2982

The SPHERE, London, May 25, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE ROYAL VISIT TO HULL—THE CITY SWORD IS SURRENDERED TO THE QUEEN AT PARAGON STATION: It is being held by the Lord Mayor, Alderman Harry Kneeshaw, during the welcoming ceremony at the start of the one-day tour of the Yorkshire city, before the Royal departure for Denmark. The ceremony of the sword followed the welcome by Lord Middleton, Lord Lieutenant for the East Riding, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Herbert Morrison (on left), the High Steward.

Before setting out in the Royal yacht *Britannia* for their State visit to Denmark, the Queen and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, spent several hours at Kingston-upon-Hull. Their visit began at the Paragon Station, where Her Majesty received the city sword, which she returned to the Lord Mayor. From the station the Royal couple drove to St. Andrew's Dock, the headquarters of the port's fishing industry, where they watched the Hull trawler *Princess Elizabeth* discharging cod. Subsequently the Queen and the Prince drove to the University and the Hull Royal Infirmary before going on to the Guildhall for the luncheon given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. In the afternoon their programme included visits to the King George Dock and to the East Park to attend an assembly of the Youth Organisations of the city and the East Riding. Later, they were given a great send-off by thousands of people as they embarked at the Corporation pier for the journey out to the *Britannia*. The Royal yacht was then escorted down the Humber by the Trinity House yacht *Patricia*, and the R.N.V.R. tenders H.M.S. *Humber* and H.M.S. *Northumbria*. (See *also* page 289.)

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AN AVIATION AWARD

MR. JOHN SAFFERY RECEIVES THE JOHNSTON MEMORIAL TROPHY: On the quay at Harwich the flying manager of the Hunting Aerosurveys expedition to Graham Land examines the plaque of the Johnston Memorial Trophy awarded to him by the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators for his work in Antarctica. The presentation had been made to him, *in absentia*, by the Duke of Edinburgh at a banquet last month. (See "Mapping Antarctica," pages 299 to 301.)

SATELLITE MODEL ON SHOW

AN EARTH SATELLITE AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM: Looking at a model of an artificial earth satellite at the Science Museum, in South Kensington, London, are Mr. Ernest L. Johnson and two young visitors from Southern Rhodesia, Jean Blair, aged nine, and Robert Blair, eleven. The satellite is at an exhibition which is being staged as a preview to the opening of the International Geophysical Year in July. The show illustrates the observations to be undertaken by the scientists of forty nations. The model is of a satellite which is to be used by the United States.

A BRITISH LEGION OCCASION

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE ALBERT HALL: The Princess Royal, as Patroness, attends the Annual National Conference of the Women's Section of the British Legion. She is accompanied by Dame Regina Evans, the Chairman. As well as addressing the delegates, the Princess presented cups and certificates and visited the Legion's industries stalls.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16.50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

The Inexorable Laws of Nature.

—When we have killed off, or destroyed, the health and sanity of one or two more of our Premiers and leading statesmen (not for our country's good), we shall tumble to the truth that their jobs under present conditions are more than men can endure. Perpetually airborne, perpetually harassed in Parliament, perpetually at the mercy of Pressmen and Party popularity, condemned to constant attendance at long dinners and feasts of oratory, compelled to constant promises and prophecies and public pronouncements, they wear themselves out with the irrelevant and have no privacy for thinking out the relevant—the main function they were chosen to perform. We are told every day that the Premier is standing up superbly to his onerous job. Spruce, debonair, beautifully dressed, with hair and moustache rejuvenated, he is said to revel and rejoice in every call made on him, though it is true that a Beefsteak clubman gave me a less cheerful picture. The session stretches ahead; at home and abroad the fences to be jumped look stiff and I doubt very much if three months hence he will not show signs of wear if he continues to disregard the laws of nature. There are pointers from East and West. Mr. Eisenhower's holidays grow longer and longer. Mr. Nehru is being invited for India's good to substitute the role of Gandhi for his present role of political leader and international arbiter. And in a few years' time, the truth will reach us also. A Premier in the Lords will be a necessity, not an impossibility; or (better still) a Cabinet of five (detached from public and Parliamentary duties) will enjoy a perpetual country-house party at Chequers, engaged in a calm atmosphere in planning for our good. That was how the country was governed (not too badly) in the past days when the Whigs used their country houses as planning offices for great policies.

Divided We Fall.

—Perhaps we suffered too few humiliations in the bad old days. We used ruefully to count them on our fingers—the loss of Calais, the Dutch in the Medway, the Boston tea party, the black weeks of the Boer War . . . To-day we reckon them up with noughts omitted to save space. In those days we usually stood alone. But nowadays we don't, and the avoidance of humiliation depends on the solidarity of our allies. United we may hope to stand, divided we fall. And there is precious little solidarity to be found among our friends and countrymen on any of the vital matters that belong unto our peace. The "United Nations" is a superb example of a euphemism. The Western alliance is united in the acceptance of the principle that national and material interests must come first. Our own country is two nations, sharply divided economically and politically. Consider the H-bomb. Examine the Suez humiliations. "First round to Nasser." That is an under-statement. Nasser has outpointed us for about ten rounds. The good books tell us that humiliation is good for the soul, and no doubt in our long history we have had less than our fair share of it. But I think Suez may fairly be considered fit to be graven on our hearts beside Calais and the Dutch incident. For my part I prefer less petrol to more humiliation. We are learning now, all the time, how to pay up and look pleasant and put the best face on it. We pay, yes, but we write to *The Times* about it. And *The Times* writes to us about it, tells us there is nothing we can do about it just now but to pay under protest and . . . write to *The Times* about it. Who knows? Perhaps in God's good time Nasser will be converted to Christianity and spare us further humiliations which our own brand has not taught us to endure with Christian fortitude and resignation. But there is no doubt that (isolation being a dead letter) "divided we fall," and shall continue to fall in all that belongs unto our peace and welfare. Nasser has sailed up the Medway with a vengeance. We must write to *The Times* about it.

"To Make a Roman Holiday."

—It may be that races over the open roads of Europe at reckless speeds help to perfect the designing of the everyday cars of the people. But Le Mans and the Mille Miglia suggest that that possible benefit is achieved at too high a price in human lives. I doubt whether we shall hear any more suggestions for such a use of our own roads. And the Italians have given us a lead at last. Indeed these races, which draw millions of sensation-hunters to watch the modern volunteer-gladiators risking butchery for themselves (and giving more than they get) can be compared with the atom or H-bomb experiments. Their potentials in peaceful uses are offset by their destructive potential, and not conscience only but plain common sense should make cowards of us all, and already has made cowards of some of us, about these two experiments in spurring scientific discovery to the aid of humanity.

CONSERVATIVE M.P.s RESIGN THE PARTY WHIP

EIGHT CONSERVATIVE M.P.s MAKE THEIR DECISION AS A FORM OF PROTEST: From left are Paul Williams (Sunderland South), Sir Victor Raikes (Liverpool, Garston), Viscount Hinchingbrooke (Dorset South), Laurence Turner (Oxford), Patrick Maitland (Lanark), J. A. Biggs-Davison (Chigwell), and Anthony Fell (Yarmouth). The eighth M.P., not shown in this picture, is Angus Maude (Ealing South). They decided to resign the Party whip after the Prime Minister had announced that, while reserving all their rights, the Government could no longer advise British shipowners to refrain from using the Suez Canal. The eight M.P.s now sit as Independent Conservatives.

A Famous Victory.

—There is some possibility that Britain's share in the victory of Waterloo may be recalled by a tablet on the wall of Wellington's battle headquarters and later on possibly by a collection of exhibits of that famous day inside the building. At present only Lord Uxbridge's leg or the monument which covers it recalls the British participation. The great Belgian lion on its mound (which altered the line out of the field) glares triumphantly towards France and honours Orange, but Bonaparte is the hero of the battle to modern tourists and "Vellington" is a name which must be explained: "*un général anglais*." It was a famous victory, and Bonaparte and the Low Countries shared the honours of the day. But there is a tablet commemorating George IV's visit—and rightly. For he came to believe that *he* won the battle. Perhaps the truth of history may call for a tablet to Wellington. The "museum" will find its assembly more difficult. In England we still remember Wellington in obelisks and inn-signs, and somehow I doubt whether the Guards will be willing to loan or part with that battered door of Hougoumont Farm from St. James's, or that Apsley House will contribute those pencilled slips of chicken-skin on which the Iron Duke wrote his tactical orders. But I will gladly contribute to the museum for the greater glory of England and for the truths of history a copy of *Creevey* (see page 136 *et seq.*) and some autograph letters. He wrote so continuously all his life that these autographs are worth about 1s. 6d. apiece even to-day.

Sussex Jessop.

—Sussex C.C. need not fear the gate deficit this season if their latest lion continues to roar as he did at Hove last week against Gloucestershire who saw another Jessop playing for the wrong county.

This great left-hander, D. V. Smith, who is new to Sussex only in the role of slogger, hit nine sixes and eleven fours in his innings of 166, and in one spell made 74 in twenty-seven minutes. He bombarded the pavilion and kept the ambulance men busy among the pavilion fans with his tremendous sweeps off the spinners. Indeed, the pavilion fans can't have it both ways. If they grouse about "timeless cricket" usually, they must pay for their fun when they get it, with a few broken jaws. It was no worse than "mild activity" in the Hohenzollern redoubt in 1916 and helped some of the older men to remember their hot youth. It has been very seldom that pavilion fans in recent years have been compelled to take cover either from the sun or from the slogger, and it is all to the good for county cricket (and more effective than any number of new rules by the M.C.C.) if the arts of war and the taking of cover must be relearned by the spectators. Cover and extra cover must be found at positions outside the ropes.

15,000 per Cent.—Last week at a stamp auction in London threepennyworth of halfpenny stamps fetched £195. Another pair of modern 2½d. stamps (one upside down) fetched £130. I am bad at arithmetic, but it seemed to me that an outsize profit had been secured by the owner (and paid by the buyer) for the inconveniences of badly-produced articles. £195 represents about 15,000 threepenny-bits. My grandfather, a penniless young man, used to drop in at Christie's in early Victorian days on his way to work and risk a pound or so (never more than two) to bid for articles up for sale which took his fancy. Among these bids, he was successful with a tiny wash-drawing by Hubert Robert and a pastel or two by Rosalba. When a year or two ago they sold for £450, I applauded his shrewdness, and hoped that both he, the buyer in 1850, and the buyer in 1950 had got value for their money. I don't say that during my ownership I hung these pictures on the line but at least they *were* hung for the family or the charwoman to see and admire if they felt that way. But I suppose only a few experts will see and envy the stamps. This set me wondering again about the value we get for what we collect. Is it possible that a defective halfpenny stamp is as genuinely a prize as a Lamerie dish or a Guardi of the Grand Canal, judged as a work of art, as a private treasure capable of creating envy, or as a means of giving pleasure to connoisseurs? The stamp collector pays through the nose for an article that is badly turned out; the collector of plate or pictures pays for what is judged superlative in the taste of his day. Both are stung but the buyer of damaged goods is stung by far the more severely. Is it possible that all collectors pay through the nose merely to be envied? Or that some connoisseurs are madder than others?

Campaigns of Conversion.—According to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, the aim of his Church is the conversion to its Faith of every single man, woman and child in Britain, and it will not rest while one person remains outside the Catholic Church. "This was the Charter" given them by God, to capture the souls of all heretics. The Bishop admitted that even some Roman Catholics argue: "Why not leave these heretics alone? They (or some of them) are good people." I am indeed a heretic and cannot claim to be one of the good ones. And I think their Church has much that ours has not, and perhaps *vice versa*. All the same, why not leave us alone or remain content with a more modest harvest? I have felt the same about the Communists whose charter is not claimed to be derived from God and whose campaign of conversion is wider and every whit as determined. Why not leave us heretics alone? Is the campaign pressed on because there is kudos for those who bring in converts or solely to save our souls alive? Or is the prime cause the pursuit of power? What is truth? If we knew that, we should all belong to the same creed, religious or political; and what a saving of worry and controversy and fear and anxiety that would be. If someone could convert me to absolute certainty about anything at all, he would find no humbler, keener, more malleable disciple than I. But Pilate's famous question is still unanswered, and so it is that what the heretics lose on the swings, they make up on the roundabouts. Conversion is a two-way street.

Harrod's Origins.—My first memory is of a visit to Harrod's small grocery in the Brompton Road, which I sometimes visited with my mother. The particular occasion burned on my memory concerned the purchase of a pound of tea. During the transaction (whether by permission or otherwise) I ate some very large and luscious currants. I am therefore available as a valuable witness for Mr. Frank Harrod, grandson of the founder of that great firm who, about the time of my birth, took over the small shop (late Burden) which had been rebuilt, after a fire, in 1884. Mr. Harrod naturally wished to correct a statement in the Press that Harrod's was a Burbidge foundation. To the Burbidges belongs the credit for the mighty magazine which is a household word to-day.

THE OLD STAGER

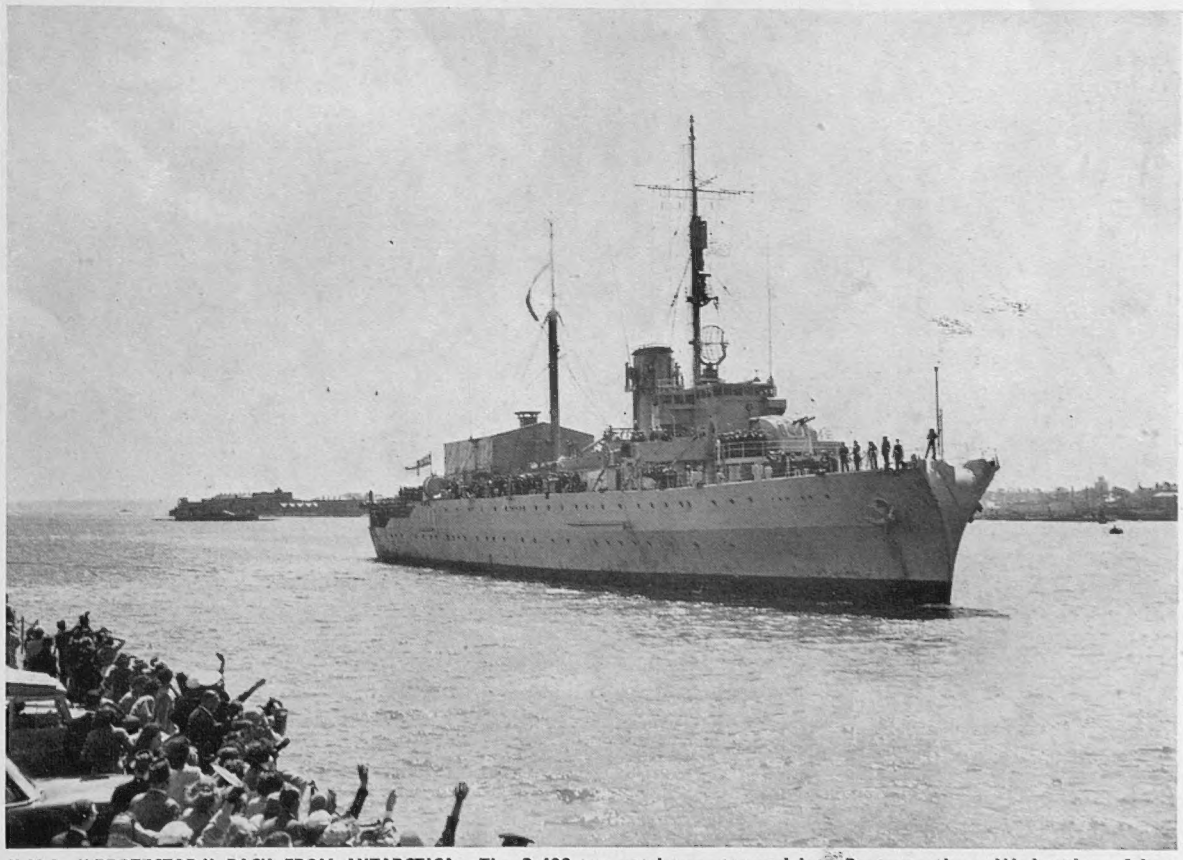
PRINCE PHILIP MAKES HIS FIRST GLIDER FLIGHT

READY FOR THE TAKE-OFF: The Duke of Edinburgh is about to take off on his first glider flight from the grounds of the Bristol Gliding Club at Nympsfield, Gloucestershire. During the flight, which lasted for eight minutes, the Slingsby sailplane reached a height of 2,000 ft. Mr. Peter Collier, the resident instructor at the gliding club (in rear seat), was at the controls, but Prince Philip took over from him for about five minutes. The flight was of short duration because there was a fresh wind of up to 15 knots. As he stepped out on landing, Prince Philip remarked, "At least we went right to the top." On his arrival at the club he was greeted by Mr. J. N. Cochrane, who is chairman of the club, and Mr. J. Parry-Jones, the vice-chairman.

On left—

AT THE CONTROLS: After having the controls explained to him, Prince Philip sits in the front seat of the Slingsby T.42 two-seater sailplane while Mr. Peter Scott, the ornithologist, assists with the harness. The Prince arrived for his flight from the Wild Fowl Trust, where he had lunched with Mr. Scott, who owns the sailplane, and Group-Captain Douglas Bader, the legless fighter pilot.

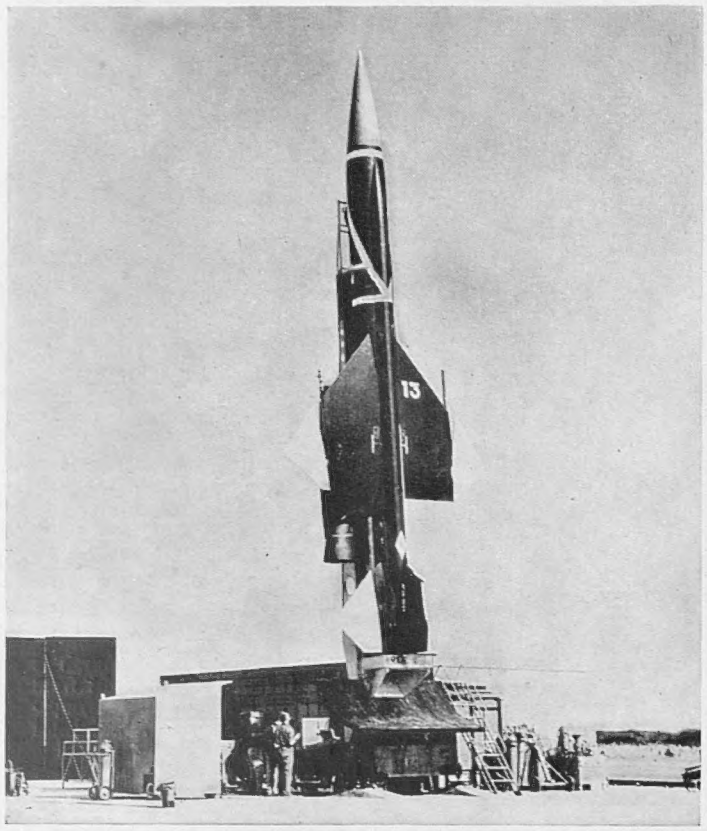
H.M.S. "PROTECTOR" COMES HOME WITH PENGUINS AND FLEAS



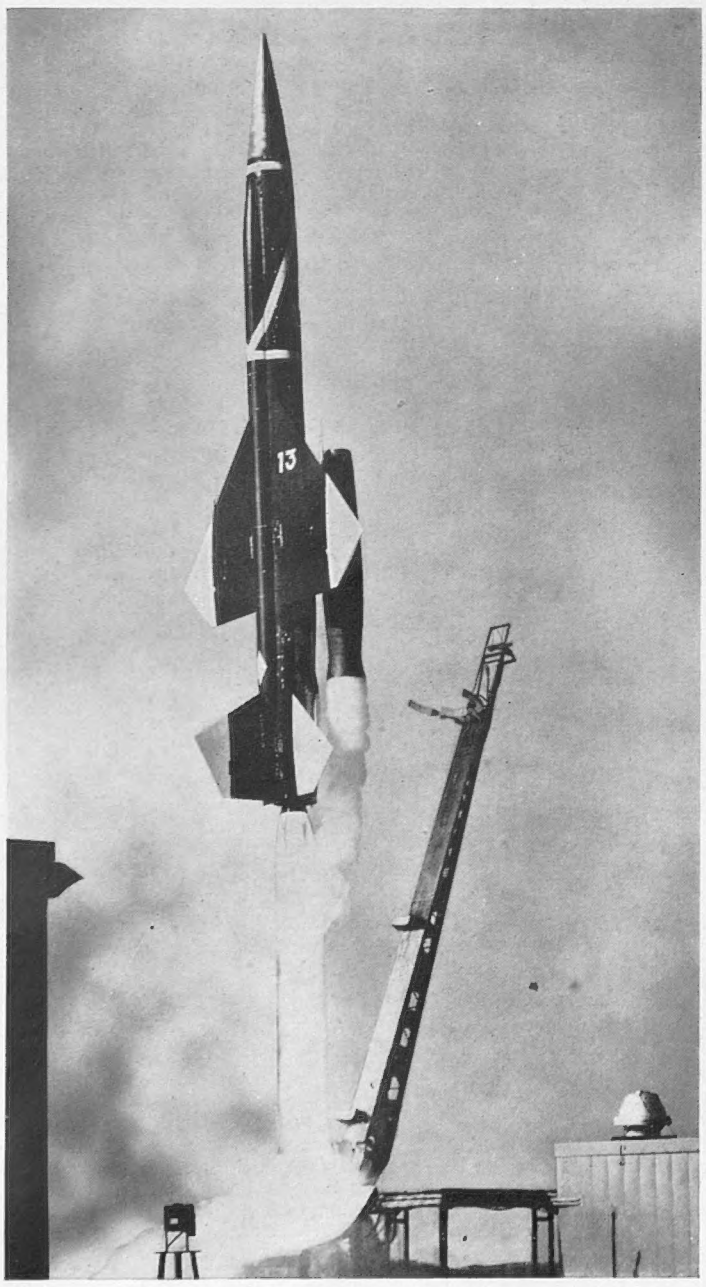
H.M.S. "PROTECTOR" BACK FROM ANTARCTICA: The 2,400-ton net-layer steamed into Portsmouth on Wednesday of last week after seven months' service in Antarctica. Her task has been, in the words of Captain J. V. Wilkinson, who commanded the ship, to support and protect British interests in Antarctica. She brought home a cargo of six king penguins for the London Zoo, and a unique collection of rare fleas—accommodated in eighteen test tubes. The fleas were the special interest of the ship's chaplain, the Rev. Eric Milner, who has been studying the lice and parasites to be found on sea birds for the South Kensington Natural History Museum.

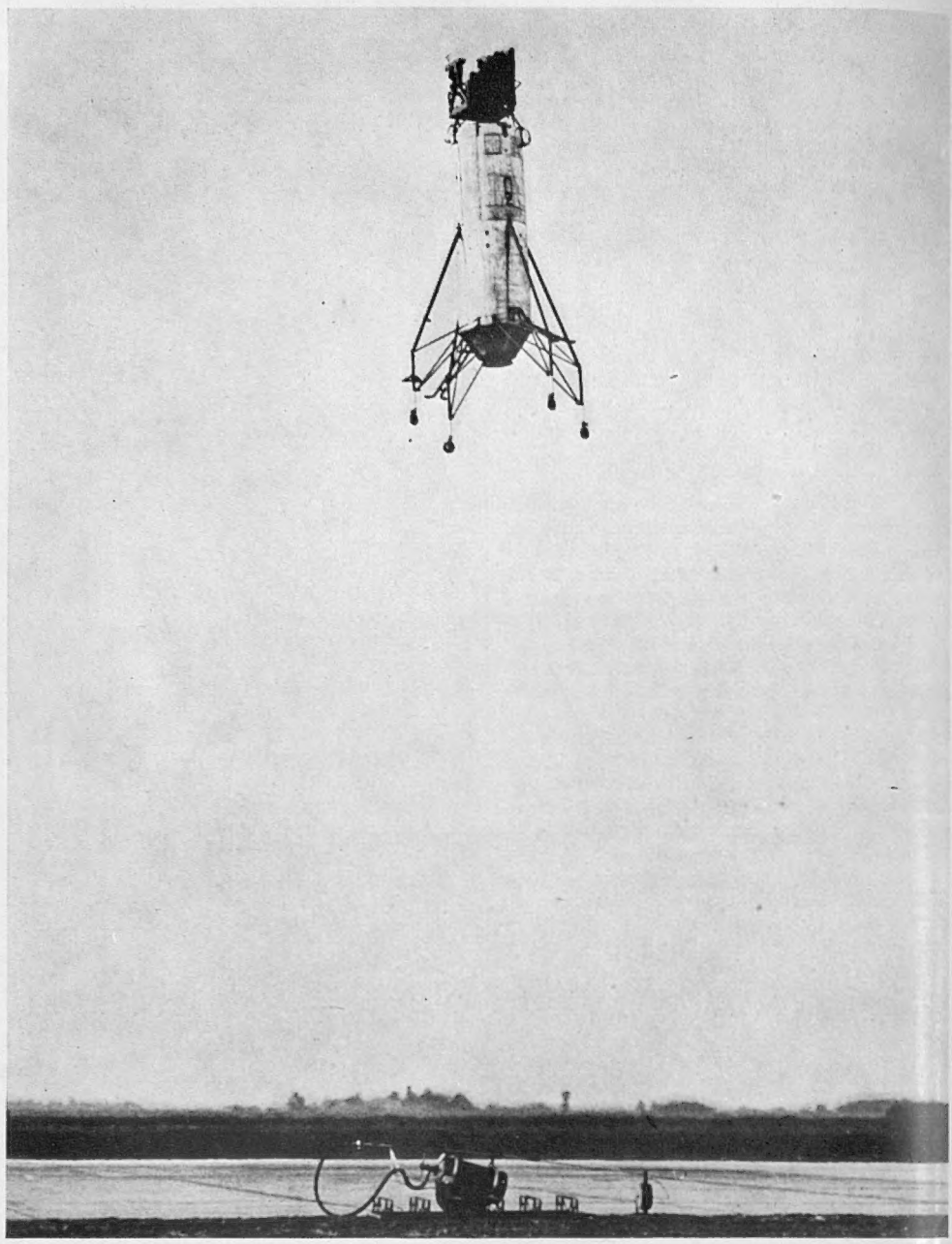
GUIDED MISSILE AND "FLYING BEDSTEAD"

A New American Aircraft Interceptor; Further Development of the French V.T.O.L. Plane

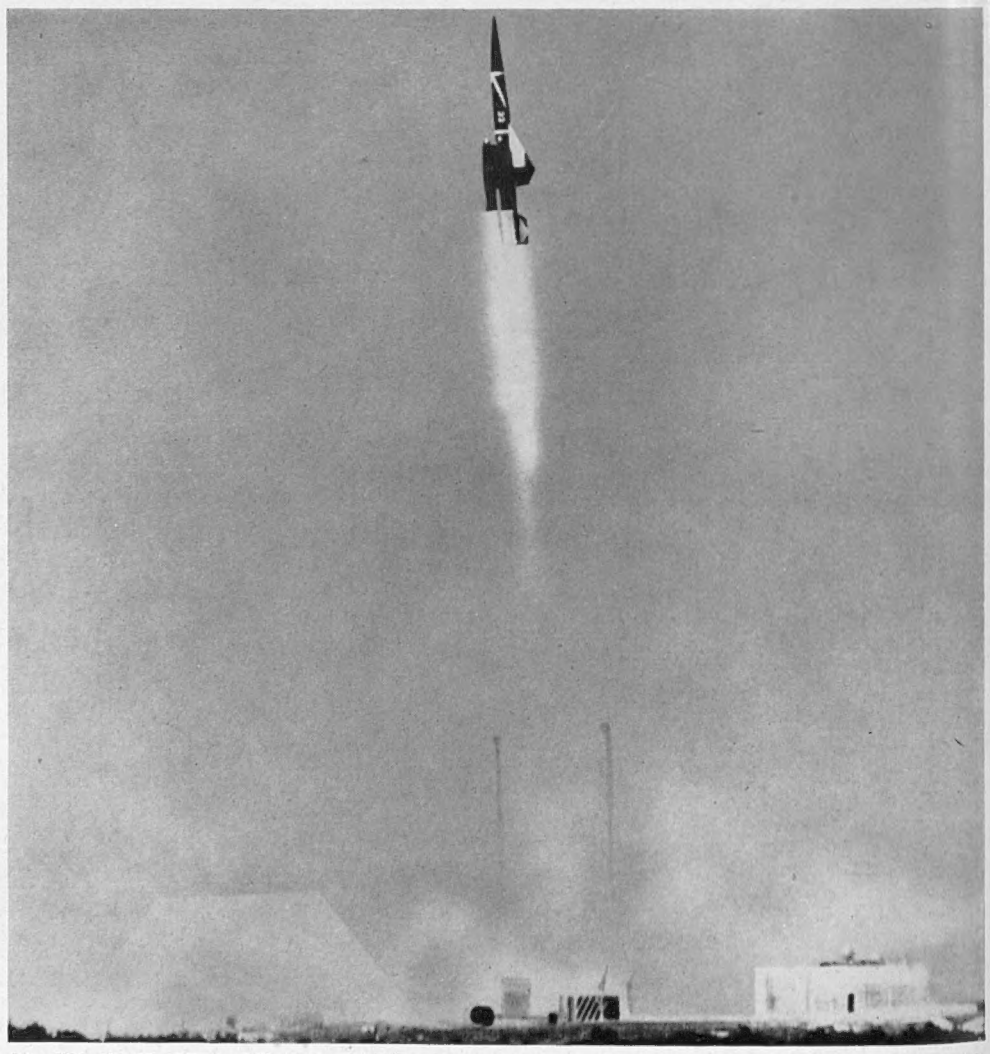


THE LAUNCH OF A LATEST TYPE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENDER: The Boeing IM-99 Bomarc interceptor missile stands on its launcher at the United States Air Force Missile Test Centre at Patrick base, in Florida. *Below*—The launching support falls away as the missile roars into the air driven by a booster rocket. When the rocket is burnt out the missile is propelled by a pair of Marquardt ramjets. The Bomarc can carry conventional or nuclear explosives.





THE FIRST FREE FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH "FLYING BEDSTEAD": The Atar Volant P.I takes off from Melun-Villaroche. The pilot, M. Auguste Morel, is seated on the top of the cylindrical structure. This was the first free flight made by the French experimental vertical take-off and landing aircraft. It had previously been sent into the air attached to cables. The Atar Volant is smaller than the British Rolls-Royce "Flying Bedstead," which caused a sensation over two years ago. The French model is also a convertiplane, i.e., it can convert from horizontal to vertical flight in the air.



ON THE START OF A 300-MILE FLIGHT: As the Bomarc clears the launcher one of its ramjet engines can be seen attached to it. The radio-guided missile is reported to be capable of intercepting bombers at a range of up to 300 miles and to have a speed of more than 1,600 miles per hour.

HULL'S ROYAL DAY

The Queen and Prince Philip Spend Several Hours in the Yorkshire City Before Sailing to Denmark

WITH THE STUDENTS: The Queen is seen during her visit to Hull University. Both the Queen and Prince Philip met a number of coloured students.

On right—
AT THE ROYAL INFIRMARY: The Queen makes a tour of the wards after meeting the members of the hospital staff on the forecourt in front of the building. A young girl patient who was celebrating her birthday received greetings from the Queen.

GIFTS FOR THE ROYAL CHILDREN: A young boy dressed as a pirate stands at the open door of the Royal car after he had presented gifts for Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The presentation took place at the Hull Sailors' Children's Homes when the Queen and Prince Philip stopped for a brief call. The Queen and Prince Philip received a rousing welcome from the people as they drove through the city to fulfil an extensive programme of engagements. When the Royal visitors arrived at the Guildhall to attend the luncheon given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, they delighted the huge crowd by appearing on the balcony. Earlier, at the St. Andrew's Dock, the Queen and the Prince had spent some time watching the unloading of the trawler *Princess Elizabeth*. In order to get a closer view of the proceedings, Prince Philip jumped from the dock to the deck of the trawler.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP SAIL FOR DENMARK: *Left*—The Royal visitors make their last farewells as they leave Hull in the Royal barge to join H.M.Y. *Britannia*. *Right*—The Queen waves good-bye from the Royal barge. Thousands of people waved and cheered as the Queen and the Prince sailed away from the Corporation pier. Before the *Britannia* left her moorings in the River Humber, the Queen invested Lord Middleton with the insignia of a Knight Companion of the Order of the Garter.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF HARAR IN ADDIS ABABA: Following the coffin are, from left, the Emperor Haile Selassie, the Crown Princess, Princess Tenagne Worq (the Emperor's eldest daughter), the Crown Prince, Princess Sybil Desta (the Emperor's granddaughter), and Prince Sahle Selassie (the third son). The Duke of Harar, the Emperor's thirty-four-year-old second son, was killed in a motor accident two weeks ago. He was Governor of Harar Province, the largest and wealthiest province in his country.

MOURNERS OF THE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO AT HIS BURIAL IN MADRID: In the centre are the Marquis's wife and two children. Following his tragic death in the Mille Miglia race, a funeral service was conducted by the Bishop of Mantua at a village near where the accident occurred. Later the body was flown to Madrid for burial in the family tomb.

ALL SMILES AT LONDON'S GUILDHALL: Chief Awolow, Premier of Western Nigeria, shares a joke with the Lord Mayor, Sir Cullum Welch, after the signing of agreements to establish a rubber plantation in the Ijebu province of Western Nigeria. At the table are, left to right, Mr. A. O. Rewane ; Mr. R. A. Crofts, Chairman of the Western Region Production Development Board, and Chief M. S. Sowole. British investors are to provide some £5,000,000 for the industrialisation of Western Nigeria.

On left—

A FURTHER STAGE IN THE RESTORATION OF THE CITY CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW, IN CHEAPSIDE: A general view of the scene outside the shell of the building during the service at which the Lord Mayor of London inaugurated the work on the general restoration. He drove the first of the piles (seen in the foreground) which will underpin three of the church walls. Other work is already in progress. It is hoped that the reconstruction will be completed by 1962.

CARDINAL WYSZYNSKI RECEIVES THE BIRETTA FROM THE POPE AT THE VATICAN: At a private ceremony the red hat was conferred upon the Primate of Poland last Sunday in the papal apartments. A small number of Vatican officials and Polish priests were present. The ceremony was simplified and took only 15 minutes. Cardinal Wyszynski was assigned the title of Santa Maria in Trastevere.

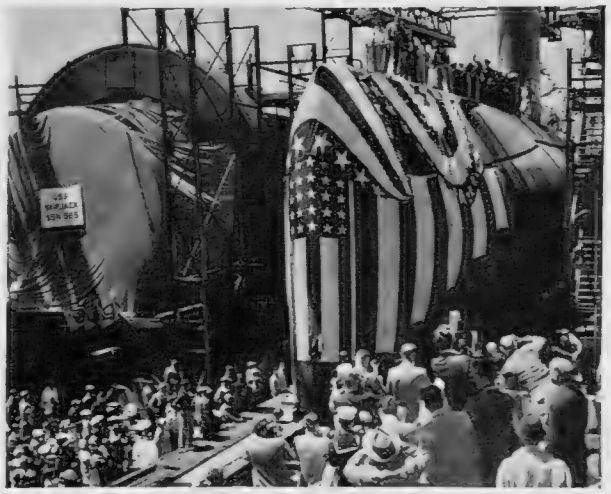
THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF ALDERSHOT : The "Red Devils," led by their mascot, Pegasus, march past the saluting base after the ceremony. On left, their Colonel-Commandant, General Sir Richard Gale, takes the salute. The Parachute Regiment has been quartered at the Airborne Forces depot in Aldershot since 1946. The parade was under the command of Colonel H. B. Coxen. He received the Mayor of Aldershot, Alderman H. T. Reeves, and the Colonel-Commandant, who took the salute and inspected the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the Regiment. The Town Clerk, Mr. H. B. Sales, read the Council's resolution to admit the Regiment to the honorary freedom of the borough; the Mayor welcomed them, and General Gale took the oath on the Regiment's behalf.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

BRITISH DRIVERS IN MONACO CRASH: Peter Collins (in foreground) and Mike Hawthorn leap from their Ferrari cars soon after the start of the Monaco Grand Prix last Sunday. They were concerned in a triple crash, the third car concerned being a Vanwall, also with a British driver, Stirling Moss. The three men were unhurt. Moss was leading in the fourth lap when he hit a barrier. Collins and Hawthorn, coming close behind, were unable to avoid crashing into him.

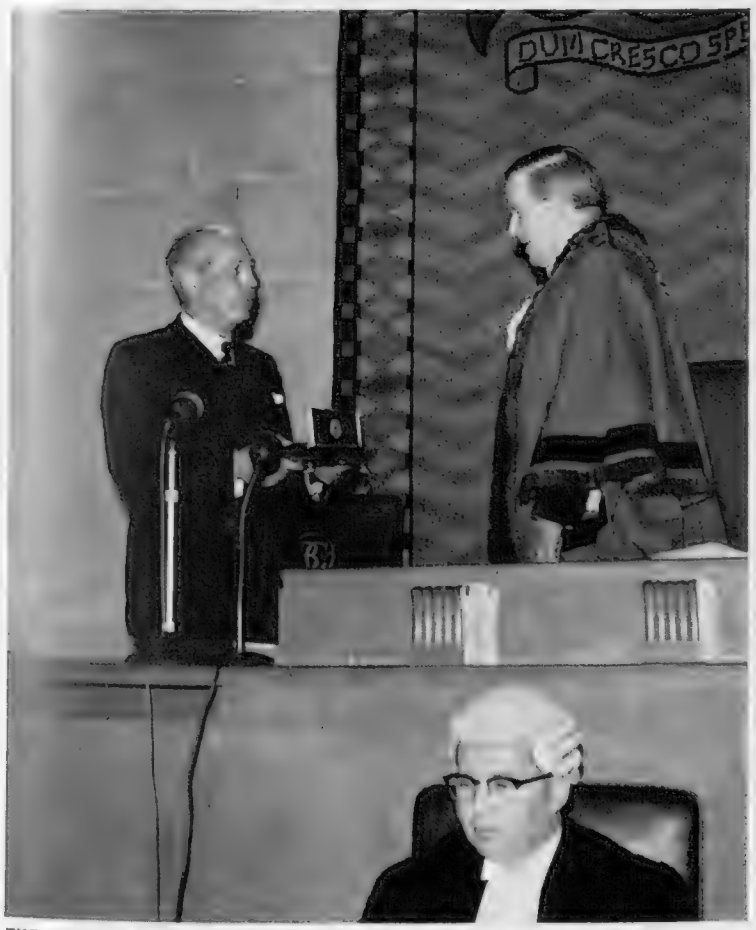
WEST INDIANS AT LORD'S: Walcott goes down on one knee to drive a ball from Hilton during the West Indies' first innings in their match against the M.C.C. Murray is the wicketkeeper. Walcott made this typical shot on the first day from which he emerged with 72 not out to his credit. Next day he went on to make 117 before being caught by Sheppard off Tyson.

REVOLUTION IN COLOMBIA: An armoured vehicle passes through a dense crowd in the Plaza de Bolivar after the overthrow of President Rojas. He had been ousted from office by a military junta which opposed his dictatorship. There had been clashes in the streets and a number of casualties were reported, some of them fatal. Last week, however, it was understood that a new Cabinet had been formed, largely consisting of civilians, and that free elections were promised soon for the people of Colombia.



On left—
AMERICA'S THIRD ATOMIC SUBMARINE IS LAUNCHED: The U.S.S. *Skate* slides down to the water at the Groton Yard of the General Dynamics Corporation's Electric Boat Division in Connecticut. She has a displacement of 2,400 tons. Alongside is the partly-finished framework of the *Skipjack*, another atomic submarine.

Below—
"SKATE" ENTERS THE WATER: She is the world's first atomic submarine designed for assembly-line production, and marks the end of primary research and prototype development. The *Skate* has been built on the same berth as *Nautilus*.



THE PRIME MINISTER IS MADE A FREEMAN OF THE BOROUGH OF BROMLEY, IN KENT: Mr. Harold Macmillan receives from the Mayor, Alderman L. C. Winterton, the casket containing the scroll recording the Premier's admission to the Roll of Honorary Freemen of the Borough. The ceremony took place in Bromley Town Hall, and the Prime Minister was accompanied by his wife. Mr. Macmillan has been Bromley's M.P. since 1945.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—

MAYPOLE DANCING IN BEDFORDSHIRE : Children dance round the pole on the village green at Elstow during the traditional festivities for the crowning of the Queen of the May. The church, restored during the late nineteenth century, contains some early Norman architecture. May Day has been celebrated at the village in Bedfordshire for countless generations. There are some who believe that Elstow's most famous son, John Bunyan, recalled childhood memories when he came to create Vanity Fair. However, it is to be hoped that this was not so, for the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* was taking the accepted Puritan view of the immorality of all fairs and jollifications. The Maypole had been then for long a part of the May Festival in England, which derived from the old Roman Feast of Flowers. Maypoles were also known in France and in Germany. However, in the past century, the May Festival and May Day have come increasingly to have political associations with the Socialist movements.

A TRAGIC ACCIDENT IN WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND : A general view of the scene after the verandah and scaffolding of one of Wellington's main buildings on Lambton Quay collapsed last week. Many people were trapped, four were killed and five seriously injured. The tragedy occurred without any warning on a normal weekday afternoon; police and ambulances were rushed to the scene of the accident and in a few minutes thousands of spectators were blocking Lambton Quay and the neighbouring streets. All available Red Cross volunteers were immediately alerted. Later a mobile crane began sorting out the wreckage. All traffic had to be diverted, which resulted in considerable delays on Lambton Quay and in the streets in the area around it.

A NEW DRY-DOCK OPENED AT WALLSEND, NEAR NEWCASTLE : More than 1,600 people saw the Duchess of Northumberland officially open a new 715-ft.-long dry-dock at Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd.'s at Wallsend on Tuesday of last week. Standing in a glass-panelled box, the Duchess pressed a button to start mechanism which lowered the dock gate to the bed of the Tyne—and the biggest dry-dock in the north-east of England went into commission. The new dock, which is 105 ft. wide at the entrance, will accommodate tankers up to 45,000 tons, and large passenger liners. Even aircraft carriers with angled flight-decks will be able to use it. It is the third new large dry-dock to go into commission on Tyneside in less than three years.

CROWDS DEMONSTRATE AT A CYPRUS ANNIVERSARY : *Left*—Cypriots from many towns in the island carry flags as they march to the cemetery in the village of Palekhori, in south-west Cyprus, for a memorial service for Michael Karaolis and Andreas Demetriou who were found guilty of murder and hanged last year. Pictures of the two men were also carried in the procession. After the service there was a demonstration and security forces seized the banners before the hostile crowd left. *Right*—British troops help disperse a crowd of demonstrators at the assembly-point of the buses which had brought them from other towns and villages.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ITALY'S PREMIER-DESIGNATE CHOOSES HIS CABINET: Senator Adone Zoli, a Christian Democrat, is seen making a statement in Rome after being entrusted by President Gronchi with the task of forming a new Government to succeed the coalition of Signor Segni. Senator Zoli has been President of the National Council of the Christian Democrats since Signor de Gasperi died in 1954, and he was the Minister of the Budget in the Segni Government. The Senator is sixty-nine and during the war he was a member of the first committee of National Liberation in Tuscany. He was sentenced to death in 1943, but managed to escape.

MR. KADAR IN CHEERFUL MOOD: The Hungarian Prime Minister appears jovial as he talks to a group in a lobby in the Parliament building in Budapest. On his right is Mr. Gyula Hegyi, Leader of the Sports Office, and, on his left, Mr. Bela Biszku, Minister of the Interior. Mr. Kadar's Government had just been sworn-in at the first session of the Hungarian Parliament since the uprisings of last autumn. Possibly the fact that he had felt able to call Parliament was the cause of the Premier's good humour. Overt opposition to Mr. Kadar's regime, which is a puppet of Moscow, has become dormant, largely through the brutal suppression carried out by Soviet troops. Recent news from Hungary has concerned the repatriation of refugees from Yugoslavia. Doubt has been raised concerning the authenticity of the requests from parents for the return of some of the children in the Yugoslav refugee camps.

THE HAMMER AND SICKLE—AND QUEEN VICTORIA! Indian Communists demonstrate at a statue of Queen Victoria in Delhi by raising the red flag during centenary celebrations marking the Mutiny. At Benares a statue of Queen Victoria was pulled down. In contrast with the behaviour of Left Wing extremists, the Indian Government had sought to use the occasion to promote religious harmony and national solidarity.

AN EGYPTIAN-FLOWN MIG LANDS IN AUSTRIA: This jet fighter of the Czechoslovak Air Force is seen at Schwechat Airport, outside Vienna. The aircraft was armed with two machine-guns and a cannon and was piloted by Abdel Monel el Shenawy, an Egyptian training with the Czechs. He had been on a practice flight from Pardubice (about 80 miles east of Prague, on the Elbe) in the direction of the Austrian frontier.

INDIA'S PRESIDENT IS SWORN-IN: Dr. Rajendra Prasad (right) reads the oath in Parliament House, Delhi, on assuming the Presidency for the third term. The oath is administered by India's Chief Justice, Mr. Sudhi Das. The Vice-President, Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan (seated), also took the oath of his office, which he has held since 1952. Dr. Prasad has been President since January 1950 and was re-elected for a second term in May 1952.

REFIGHTING A FAMOUS BATTLE: On a hillock above the battlefield of Gettysburg, President Eisenhower and Field Marshal Montgomery engage in an important T.E.W.T. (Tactical Exercise Without Weapons). The Field Marshal was the guest of the President at his nearby farm. They were deciding how they would have fought the historic clash of the Civil War.

THE TWO SIDES OF DIVIDED BERLIN: In the foreground the construction which looks like the prow of a ship lying in a shipyard, is the hall for conferences and meetings which the United States is giving to the West Berlin Building Exhibition next July. The River Spree is on the left. Behind the American hall is the Reichstag building, now being restored. The farther of the two streets on the right leads to the Brandenburg Gate, which is surrounded by scaffolding. Behind the Gate is the skyline of East Berlin.

NEW SHAPES IN BERLIN

Modern Buildings in the Former German Capital

Although Berlin is divided into West and East, into Free and Communist-dominated sectors, the mass of its population still regard themselves as inhabitants of a capital city. Whether it will ever achieve again such a position on the map depends on a host of political imponderables. It is by no means certain that even if Germany were reunited, Berlin would become the capital. However, this does not prevent the West Berliners, who have every encouragement to develop freely, from doing all they can to make their part of the city, at any rate, suitable for a modern capital. In the past Berliners had a reputation for being in the advance guard of architectural construction.

This is being carried on in full measure to-day. The oddest shapes and sizes of buildings are arising on sites which were devastated during the war by British or American bombs or Russian shells. Not even the most casual visitor could aver that West Berlin, architecturally, was behind the times. This summer West Berlin is to hold a housing exhibition. It will be close to the border of East and West, and will show how a free population is not afraid to be contemporary and individual.

A STOREHOUSE OF LEARNING FOR WEST BERLINERS: This library has been built with the aid of funds from the United States of America and its construction was conceived during the famous blockade in which the Western sectors of Berlin were saved by the Anglo-American Airlift. "Free" Berlin contrasts proudly with the Eastern "Red" sector.

A CENTRE FOR BUSINESS AND COMMERCE: The buildings ar block of offices and flats. Beyond it the low buildin the centre right will contain clothing and textile shop

A PANORAMA OF THE KURFURSTENDAMM : The broad boulevard is flanked by buildings which have almost all been built since this part of Berlin was devastated by Anglo-American bombing and Soviet bombardment during the war. On the skyline are the woods of Grünewald, and in the right background rises the steel structure of the Funkturm. West Berlin's recovery has been largely due to the determination of Britain and America to keep their sectors as an island of the West in the ocean of Communism.

rising on the Breitscheidplatz. On the left is a skyscraper will house a cinema. The rectangular block running from and it is hoped will become a centre for fashion displays.

DEPARTED GLORIES OF THE REICH: The scaffolding surrounds the Brandenburg Gate, which is being reconstructed by the East Berlin authorities. The Gate is on the frontier between the West and the East sectors. Beyond is Unter den Linden. Running off it to the right is the Wilhelmstrasse, the governmental centre of the old Reich.

A ROYAL EMBRACE: King Saud of Saudi-Arabia (right) and King Feisal of Iraq exchange eastern greetings at Bagdad Airport at the beginning of King Saud's visit.

SALUTES BY TWO MONARCHS : Both kings stand to attention on a dais as the Saudi-Arabian and Iraqi anthems are played at Bagdad Airport. Their meeting is reported to have increased understanding between their countries.

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE EAST: The scene inside the ornate Royal tent, specially erected on Bagdad Airport for the official reception given to King Saud of Saudi-Arabia after his arrival for a four-day State visit to Iraq. King Feisal (in western-style uniform) and his Royal guest are seated on throne-chairs. Next to King Saud is the Premier of Iraq, Nuri es-Said. During the formal ceremony King Saud presented to King Feisal seven princes who had accompanied him.

KING SAUD IN IRAQ

The Important Meeting of Two Middle Eastern Kings in Bagdad

On left—

AT THE ROYAL RECEPTION FOR KING SAUD: King Saud of Saudi-Arabia, flanked by two officers of King Feisal's Royal Household, sits with his host in the splendid tent erected on Bagdad Airport. On the far right of the picture is Abdullah Belkhair, who is King Feisal's personal private secretary. Although there was much ceremonial splendour at the meeting of the Iraqi and Saudi-Arabian rulers, more time than is usual on State visits was given to high-level political and economic discussions.

As part of the solidarity campaign recently initiated by Middle Eastern monarchical rulers, for economic reasons and for forming a stable front against Communist influence, the visit to Iraq of King Saud of Saudi-Arabia may have important consequences. At the beginning of the visit it was thought that King Hussein of Jordan would go to Bagdad to join in the discussions, but this proved not to be the case. There is, however, a closer link to-day between Iraq and Saudi-Arabia than there has been in former years when dynastic differences created ill feeling; last summer, it will be recalled, King Feisal paid a friendly visit to Saudi-Arabia.

King Saud has been accompanied by his senior political advisers and discussions have ranged over such subjects as oil and the provision of Arabian tankers for transporting Iraqi oil, and the regulation of air services between the two countries. King Saud was accompanied, also, by seven princes who were given presents of gold daggers made in Bagdad; King Feisal's gift to his chief guest was a gold ceremonial sword, and the city of Bagdad presented King Saud with a replica of a palm tree in silver bearing clusters of golden dates. No British diplomatic representative was present at the official ceremonies because there have been no diplomatic relations between Britain and Saudi-Arabia since the Suez crisis. Relations have, however, been maintained with Iraq, and at a recent ceremony five Hunter jet fighters were presented to the Royal Iraqi Air Force by Britain. At this presentation the Prime Minister of Iraq, Nuri es-Said, referred to Britain as the friend of his country and ally in the Middle East Treaty Organisation. This was the first official Iraqi statement about Britain couched in friendly terms since the Suez campaign of last autumn.

THE STATE DRIVE FROM THE AIRPORT TO THE PALACE: Iraqi youths run beside the open carriage, with its cavalry escort, as it takes the two rulers from the airport to the Qasr el-Zahur (the Palace of Flowers) where King Saud stayed. The palace is near the Qasr el-Rihab, the King of Iraq's residence, and here King Feisal entertained his guest to dinner on the first evening of the visit.

SURVIVAL TRAINING IN A FOREST

Wrens Join a Naval Exercise

During their extensive training, naval airmen take a two-week course at the Royal Naval Safety Equipment and Survival Training School at Seafield Park, Lee-on-Solent. The object of the course is to prepare the men to face the difficulties and problems should they find themselves isolated behind the enemy lines, or lost or stranded on sea or land under all climatic conditions. Survival equipment at the school is under the supervision of an equipment officer of the W.R.N.S., and for this reason two of the officers are sometimes selected to take part in the course.

After spending one week at the school, where the men and women are taught the techniques of survival, they spend the second half of their course in the field, in practical training. The "students" are issued with meagre rations and a small amount of equipment and sent off in couples to make their way by day and night by compass march across some 60 miles of country in Southern England. They move from one rendezvous to another, living on their small rations, building their own shelter and hiding from "enemy" observation. The two Wrens chosen to take part in the most recent exercise were Miss Nina Allen and Miss Charlene Gordon. They joined seven naval aircrew officers and set out from Stonehenge to make their own way to Lepe, on the Hampshire coast.

SURVIVORS IN THE NEW FOREST: Charlene L. Gordon (left) and Nina I. Allen, two third officers of the Women's Royal Naval Service, prepare food over a campfire while taking part in a 14-day course run by the Royal Naval Safety Equipment and Survival Training School at Seafield Park, Lee-on-Solent. They also had to trek many miles across Salisbury Plain as part of the training.

On left—

HACKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH: The two Wren officers carrying their small issue of equipment, make their way through the forest to their next encampment. They are only allowed meagre survival rations.

CROSS-COUNTRY: Miss Allen and Miss Gordon wade through the tree-lined Beaulieu River, in Hampshire, during their lonely journey. It was easier than hacking their way through the undergrowth.

FLEET AIR ARM OFFICERS AT AN ENCAMPMENT: From the left, in the back row, are: Sub-Lieut. J. H. S. Hall, Lieut. M. Forrest, Lieut. S. G. Parkes and Midshipman E. R. Cranmer. In the front row are, from left: Lieut. N. G. Collins, Lieut. B. Spendlove and Sub-Lieut. J. F. E. Carey.

SHELTERING FROM THE RAIN: This bearded pair, sitting beside their camp fire, are protected by a parachute. They are Norman Collins and Brian Spendlove, two of the Fleet Air Arm officers.

GRIM DEFENDERS OF THE UNKNOWN CONTINENT YIELD THEIR SECRETS: Cape Anna, on the Danco Coast of Graham Land, is seen from the air. The Hunting Aerosurveys expedition recently completed mapping some 40,000 sq. miles in and around this peninsula which curves round one side of the Weddell Sea. The expedition is said to be the first in the world to have achieved a systematic aerial survey checked by a strict ground control of any part of the Antarctic continent. The mapping was carried out during the two last Antarctic summers. This picture and the others accompanying this article are by Aerofilms.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED: Relatives wave from Parkeston Quay as the *Oluf Sven* sails into Harwich with the members of the Hunting Aerosurveys expedition.

MAPPING ANTARCTICA

The Completion of an Aerial Survey of 40,000 Square Miles

On an afternoon last week, a helicopter flew in from the sea and landed on the sports field near Parkeston Quay at Harwich. From it stepped Mr. Peter Mott, the leader of the Hunting Aerosurveys expedition to Antarctica. The last time he had flown in the aircraft had been on a trip over an ice cliff in the "Furthest South."

This flight to Harwich had been made from the ship *Oluf Sven* as she approached the shores of East Anglia. An hour after Mr. Mott's arrival the vessel herself berthed at Parkeston Quay. When relatives had greeted members of the expedition, an important ceremony took place. Mr. John Saffery, the expedition's deputy leader and flying manager, was presented with the Johnstone Memorial Trophy. Awarded by the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators for the year's most outstanding navigational feat, it recognised the work of Mr. Saffery's flying team, which has accurately surveyed 40,000 square miles of the world's most southerly continent. The work was done by aerial photography in conjunction with ground survey. It is believed to be the first systematic aerial survey of any part of the Antarctic continent.

A bare recital of facts and even a most-deserved mention of honours won does scant justice to the work of the expedition. Graham Land, for those familiar with the shape of Antarctica, is the long peninsula which juts out from the frozen wastes to the Falkland Islands Dependencies. Hunting Aerosurveys carried out their mapping, vast in distance and importance, in two short Antarctic summers, this year and last year.

Probably the most vital equipment consisted of two Canso amphibian aircraft and a Bell 47G helicopter. The Canso is the Canadian-built version of the famous Catalina amphibian. It can operate where no regular airfields or flying-boat bases exist and it has a very long range and endurance for its size. These aircraft carried the camera equipment. But to obtain accurate photography, the most exacting type of flying was required, in which no margin of errors could be allowed. The method of flying can be compared with lawn-mowing. Just as the gardener mows his lawn, so the big flying-boats had systematically to cover every inch of the snow-clad area in neatly overlapping strips. Experience showed that the strips covered could become longer each day. Much more of the survey was made during the second stage than during the first.

Preliminary examination has indicated that this form of charting from the air can actually alter the shape of the hitherto-accepted map. The expedition found, according to its report, that in one area islands shown off the coast should be shifted by ten miles.

However, aerial survey is not sufficient by itself. Every picture taken from the air has, to use a technical term, to be "tied" to the ground. This operation requires land parties. As the air was the responsibility of Mr. Saffery, so the ground belonged to Mr. Mott. He and his land surveyors had to work out control-points for the aerial photography.

In a large measure modern methods could help them. The *Oluf Sven*, their ship, was equipped with

(Continued on following pages)

TAKING-OFF ON A SURVEY: One of the two Canso amphibians of the Hunting Aerosurveys Antarctic expedition skims through the water at Deception Island, off the coast of Graham Land. The aircraft is a Canadian-built version of the famous Catalina amphibian. The mapping of 40,000 sq. miles from the air required the most exacting flying. On the return to Harwich last week, the expedition's flying manager, Mr. John Saffery, was presented on the quayside with the Johnstone Memorial Trophy. It is awarded annually by the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators for an outstanding navigational feat.

MAPPING ANTARCTICA

AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION: The Bell 47G helicopter flies along a mountainous coast. Below its fuselage are its two sponsons, long metal cylinders which are empty and enable an aircraft to land with a cushion effect on snow, ice or water. The helicopter was essential for the ground survey parties.

(*Continued from previous page*)

all up-to-date means for dealing with problems peculiar to Polar exploration. In her they could negotiate the many difficult channels off Graham Land. Much survey work could, in fact, be made from the ship. The *Oluf Sven* carried a helicopter—a Bell 47G fitted with sponsons, which are long metal cylinders with which it can comfortably take-off from, and land on, water or snow or ice. From the flight-deck of the ship, the surveyors could fly over the mountainous cliffs and pick out their landing-ground.

Once landed it might be necessary for the surveyors to spend two or three days fixing the exact point for their ground control for the aerial maps and erecting a survey cairn to mark their precision. To do this they had to become Polar explorers in the old style. The aircraft would leave them to return to the *Oluf Sven*. Left by themselves, Mr. Mott and his men would set up camp with tents fortified by snow walls round the base and depend upon themselves in the tradition of Scott, Shackleton and all those other great names in past Polar exploration. Only when their task was completed would they radio for the helicopter to come back and pick them up. This type of ground operation had to be repeated again and again.

In the Geophysical Year which is just upon us, there will be more spectacular and far-reaching contributions to knowledge of Antarctica than that made over the past two years by Hunting Aerosurveys. But Mr. Mott and Mr. Saffery and the members of their expedition should never be overlooked. In a quiet and unspectacular way they have contributed in a basically vital manner, by mapping and charting a section of the ice and snow so that the Unknown Continent which surrounds the South Pole must yield up its secrets.

Below—

AN AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION: The expedition's ship *Oluf Sven* moves up-channel towards a point where her helicopter will take off. The aircraft on deck is ready for flight. Carrying a ground surveying party, it could "hop" easily over the mountains and enable the aerial survey to be checked on the ground.

SURVEY BY LAND : The figure by the helicopter lying on the snow in the centre of the picture is Mr. Peter Mott, the leader of the expedition. At the top of the vast crag behind can be seen the cone erected as a survey cairn. Without the helicopter it would have been impossible for the ground survey to have "tied" with the air survey in the time available.

THE RIGOURS OF THE ANTARCTIC : A member of a ground party works on a snow wall, round the base of a tent, in the icy solitude of Graham Land. The ground surveyors often spent two or three days camping in traditional Antarctic style and establishing a survey point on the land. The helicopter would bring them to the site, and return to take them off.

ENGLAND'S ECCENTRIC SQUIRES

Some Reflections on the Career of Jack Mytton

By JOHN GORE

I RETURN again to those eccentric country squires who, drinking, gambling, hunting and stunting, racing and wenching, carried on into the sober Victorian era the traditions of the eighteenth century practised by their kind. A bulky literature has grown up around them—a literature peculiarly dear to lovers of English life and character. Some of them are indistinguishably confused with their fictional counterparts, and those of them who in old age wrote down their autobiographies have inevitably still further obliterated the dividing-line between fact and fiction. In my view they need a professional writer (one, of course, competent to speak their language, which I am not) to set them before us in acceptable style. When Nimrod or The Druid shows them off to us, we swallow them whole and ask for more. For they are served up to us then with a rare old English sauce and brought to table to the sound of a music which sets every true Englishman's heart dancing. We value them then (forbearing to criticise) because they rode the fields we love that are for ever England, and excelled in the sports which stir our blood, even if we be, perforce, armchair hunters. We love them uncritically for the scenes which their doings conjure up, the autumn stubbles, the wet ploughlands, the grass and the sky, and the music of the creak of leather and the thunder of hooves.

But the catalogue of their feats and follies by an unskilled writer soon becomes sorry stuff. There is too much similarity in the headlong careers of these Gadarenes and we begin to lose sympathy with endeavour so little constructive and folly so swiftly exposed.

We value them, I think, not for what they did, so much as for where they did it. If they stand for old England, it is they who have become identified with their setting and not the other way about.

Be that as it may, it is indisputable that the Mytton breed—of which Jack Mytton, Squire Osbaldeston and George Payne are an acknowledged triumvirate of prototypes—is a feature of our social history as exclusively and as typically English as is the grouse exclusively British, and that no serious attempt to achieve a complete and definitive historical record of England in pictures—the English scene down the ages—can afford to disregard this spendthrift brotherhood. It is accordingly unfortunate that two of the three are to-day, in whole or in large part, hidden from our eyes in a thick fog of fantastic legend; and only George Payne can be rescued entire and measured up with a yardstick still in common use.

Jack Mytton.—The biography of Jack Mytton is not now (and never was) so well worth the trouble of compilation as that of George Payne or Osbaldeston.

The biographer's first duty is a careful sifting of evidence, a meticulous regard for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. When his subject happens to have been a long-dead eccentric-to-the-verge-of-insanity, the legends which grow up around the subject in his lifetime, and still larger than life-size after his death, enclose him in a jungle of mingled facts and fantasies impenetrable to a seeker after pure truth. And when that eccentric is an eccentric of the Turf, the hunting-field, the gambler's table or the prize ring, the jungle of fantasy has its most luxuriant growth; for in these quarters a good story concerning a rum 'un is most sure of appreciation and accordingly of embellishment as generation succeeds generation.

Mr. G. F. R. Barker was chosen to write the appropriate column of details of Jack Mytton's career for the *Dictionary of National Biography*. We may be sure he buckled to his task with a strict determination to sift the truth from the legends and embellishments. He was able to draw upon a reasonably wide variety of sources and authorities, but it is right to record that the bulk of them were the writings of sporting journalists whose function has always been as much to amuse and to please as to enlighten and record plain facts.

The Muttons—for so they called themselves until the middle of the sixteenth century—had been long established in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury. From the middle of the fourteenth century until the time of Jack Mytton it was the usual thing for the appropriate Mutton or Mytton to represent Shrewsbury in Parliament or to stand his turn as High Sheriff of the County.

It would be dangerous to argue from these dependable records of service that Jack, coming at the end of a long line (five centuries) of forbears possessed of a stern sense of public duty and responsibility, was a first sharp reaction in the family tree. Until at least the time of the first Reform Bill of 1832, representation in Parliament of his own borough by a wealthy squire entailed no great sacrifice of leisure, no considerable surrender of personal inclinations. The Muttons and the Myttons who represented Shrewsbury through five generations threw out no more than one single worthy considered by posterity fit for a niche in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. That one was Thomas Mytton, who died in 1656 at the age of about sixty, who embraced the Parliamentary cause in the "troubles," and did very well for himself and the cause by defeating Royalists and appropriating their estates. He was Governor of Oswestry, a Cromwellian agent in Shropshire and on the Welsh border, and a member for Shrewsbury in Cromwell's first Parliament.

The rest is silence on the Myttons in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—until Jack came to be considered.

BELTON HOUSE, LINCOLNSHIRE—A VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT: The ancestral home of the Brownlow family for over 300 years, Belton House, near Grantham, Lincs, was built in the late seventeenth century to plans attributed to Sir Christopher Wren. It was opened to the public for the first time this week. The house stands in 600 acres of beautiful parkland and is an outstanding example of a great English country house of its period. Among the treasures of Belton House are paintings by Titian, Rembrandt, Bartolommeo, Hoppner and Van Dyck. There are also valuable collections of antique silver, silver-gilt and fine porcelain on view.

An Ancient Pedigree.—We may fairly assume that the bulk of them were typical squires of a very Tory county, and generation after generation hunted, shot, drank and managed their estates, took what their landed position offered them, and did what was expected of them without any outstanding sense of public duty or sacrifice of personal liberty. They intermarried with the daughters of their neighbour squires in the Marches—the Owens of Condover, the Harrises of Montgomeryshire, and so on—and Jack, who was born in 1796, was the only son of John Mytton of Halston by Harriet, daughter of William Mostyn Owen of Woodhouse, and was grandson of another John. The grandfather was defeated by, the father beat, a Corbet in the elections for the representation of the borough.

The family is first found seated at Halston (or Holystone) in 1550. Jack certainly came of a very ancient line, firmly established on broad acres, but there is little to show that his family threw out illustrious or unusually responsible citizens. His eccentricities were in part no doubt the result of home-staying, inbreeding and easy self-indulgence over many centuries, accentuated by lack of discipline, education and good influence in his childhood and youth.

Nimrod, who wrote his "Life," and Alken and Rawlins, who luridly illustrated that curious work, did more to throw doubt than to throw light on the truth about Jack Mytton and his legendary stunts and foolhardy actions. Indeed, they did ill service to their subject's undoubted physical qualities of skill at field sports. But if we soberly dismiss as partial exaggeration 50 per cent. of his famous exploits—his tandem-jumping over toll gates, his gallop across a rabbit warren, his bear-riding in the dining-room, his six bottles of port a day, his winter shooting in nakedness, and so on—Jack Mytton will still remain a notable lunatic whose short career is more worthy of the scientific records of Bedlam than of a summary in the Book of British Worthies. Even his friend Nimrod has to confess that in the last years of his life he was mostly continuously drunk.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.—Whether Jack Mytton was deserving of a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is not for me to say. I do not know what is the policy and what the standards of that great record of British worthies. He was the son of a country squire who inherited a handsome fortune in infancy. He was expelled from one (or perhaps two) public schools; he became for one year a cornet in the 7th Hussars; he served as High Sheriff for two counties; was M.P. for Shrewsbury for one year, was a famous M.F.H., was a champion at most field sports, a master of stunts and reckless pranks, was twice married and dissipated the whole of his fortune by reckless gambling on the Turf and elsewhere and by insane indulgence. And he died of delirium tremens at the age of thirty-seven in the King's Bench Prison. All these are facts easily provable by indisputable and often dull authorities. But the legend, which presumably gained him access to the National Valhalla, is not so easy to reduce to dimensions acceptable as proven fact in a British court of law.

It is rather different with his two chief rivals—"Squire" Osbaldeston and George Payne. Jack Mytton is a will-o'-the-wisp, an imp, a fairy tale. The other two are flesh-and-blood figures, who rubbed shoulders with dependable men whose authority we may often rely on. They possessed, moreover, a certain stability of character (if one may employ such a term to describe men of that kidney) which sharply divides them in category from poor Jack who, truth to tell, was far advanced in lunacy by the time he was breeched.

THE TYRCONNEL ROOM IN BELTON HOUSE: This room is named after John Brownlow, who was created Viscount Tyrconnel in 1719. His portrait in court dress, by Gervase, is on the right of this picture.

"The Squire" and Payne could have passed muster in the sober company of statesmen and bishops. They sometimes did so and got through the ordeal with credit or at least without adverse remark. But Jack Mytton must always have been the devil in the nunnery, a marked man, an imp sticking pins into the bishop's gaiters or setting a match to the statesman's whiskers.

It is worth while to get at the truth (as far as may be) about George Payne. The Squire's career has been documented biographically, autobiographically, seriously and not so seriously, *ad nauseam*. Jack Mytton's life is not worth (and not susceptible of) very serious examination in more than a few pages to-day.

WHITBY CELEBRATES

A United Service is Held in the Ruined Abbey to Mark the Thirteenth Centenary of its Founding by St. Hilda

Whitby Abbey, which stands 200 ft. above the sea on the East Cliff of the Yorkshire town, was one of the earliest homes of English learning. It was founded 1,300 years ago by St. Hilda, the Abbess of Hartlepool, who adopted the monastic habit at the age of thirty-three. She presided over a community of men and women and was instrumental in advising Caedmon, the Anglo-Saxon poet, to become a monk at the abbey. St. Hilda died in 680 and within 200 years her abbey was destroyed by the Danes. It was restored again as a Benedictine abbey in the reign of Henry I but was dissolved as a monastery in 1539. To-day, it is only a ruined shell. Whitby Abbey passed into the keeping of the nation in 1920.

Last week the desolate ruins came to life again when a vast concourse of men, women and children crowded into the shell and its precincts to attend a special united service to mark its thirteenth centenary. For the people of Whitby—and, indeed, for its visitors also—it was a day of pilgrimage. Many of those who attended the service first took part in a procession which made its way through the streets in the harbour area and up the 199 steps to the abbey's ruins. It consisted of lay people, some of whom were dressed in period costume dating from the days of St. Hilda; members of church choirs; the Prioress and sisters of the Order of the Holy Paraclete from St. Hilda's Priory, Sneaton Castle; the clergy, and finally the Archbishop of York, Dr. A. M. Ramsey. Civic representatives were also present in the abbey.

At the service, the bidding prayer, which had been specially written by the Dean of York, the Very Rev. E. Milner-White, was read by the Rector of Whitby, the Rev. Canon A. Perryman, and the lesson by the Rev. Edward Priestley, president of the town's Free Church Council. In his address to the congregation Dr. Ramsey spoke of the abbey's work in teaching the Christian faith in a heathen land; in fostering Christian culture; in developing Christian character based on simplicity and the love of God and mankind, and in creating a home of prayer without which the abbey's other qualities could never come to full fruition.

GAUNT GREY RUIN OF WHITBY ABBEY, IN YORKSHIRE, COMES TO LIFE: A general view of the scene during the united service attended by members of the Church of England and the Nonconformist Churches, to mark the thirteenth centenary of the founding of the abbey by St. Hilda. Before the service many members of the congregation had joined in a great procession to the abbey. Only portions of the abbey's shell now exist. It was transferred to the nation in 1920.

Right—

SISTERS OF THE ORDER OF THE HOLY PARACLETE: They are seen in procession with the clergy. The sisters are from St. Hilda's Priory, Sneaton Castle, their new chapel having been consecrated a few days earlier.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK SPEAKS TO THE CONGREGATION: Dr. A. M. Ramsey, in cope and mitre and with pastoral staff in hand, stands in front of the altar while making his address to the vast assembly.

THE GREAT PROCESSION TO THE RUINED ABBEY: Some of the participants are climbing the 199 steps which lead up from the harbour area to the ruins. The group in the front are wearing the period costumes which they had used earlier in the week during a pageant depicting the history of Whitby.

ANNIGONI AT WORK

The Studio where he is Painting Princess Margaret's Portrait

On right—

IN HIS LONDON STUDIO: Pietro Annigoni, in his Kensington studio, to which he has recently returned to finish his new portrait of Princess Margaret. He is seen at work on a portrait of the Maharanee of Jaipur. The Italian artist, whose portraits of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have made him so well known here, divides his time working between his studios in London and in Florence. Recently he toured Spain, and some of the vivid sketches he made there were published last month, side by side with camera studies of the same subjects made by his travelling companion Alex Sterling, in a book, *Annigoni: Spanish Sketchbook* (Museum Press. 35s.). Mr. Annigoni was born in Milan in 1910. He went to Florence when he was fifteen and it has been his home town ever since. He held his first exhibition there in 1932. He is better known in his native country for his landscapes, religious paintings and peasant studies than for his portraits. His first painting shown in Britain was a self-portrait in the 1949 Royal Academy. Since 1950 he has held several exhibitions in London—at the Agnew and the Wildenstein Galleries—and one in Paris in 1953. Mr. Annigoni is married and has two children, a son aged sixteen and a daughter aged nine.

AN ARTIST'S WORKSHOP: Mr. Annigoni's studio in Kensington is a typical artist's workroom, with simple furniture, large windows, the scattered tools of his trade and the very necessary portable fire. *On right*—The artist leans on Rosie, a battered but useful lay figure that has worn many dresses seen in his portraits.

FINISHING TOUCHES: Mr. Annigoni at work on the portrait of the Maharanee of Jaipur. He went to Jaipur and stayed with the Maharaja for the sittings.

A NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE FOR THE ROYAL NAVY : H.M.S. *Scarborough* arrives at Portsmouth to undergo her sea trials. Built on the Tyne by Vickers-Armstrongs, she was launched in April 1955. With a displacement of 2,800 tons full load, she has an overall length of 370 ft. and carries among her armaments powerful three-barrelled depth-charge mortars. *Scarborough* is one of the "Whitby" class of anti-submarine frigates and is the third to be completed. The primary purpose of these vessels is the location and detection of the most modern types of submarines. Besides being fitted with the latest underwater detection equipment and anti-submarine weapons, they are so designed that they can maintain the high speed of 30 knots in rough seas. Their propelling machinery includes novel geared turbines of advanced design.

FROM LAUNCH TO SERVICE

Naval and Mercantile Ships in Various Stages of Development

A "FLOATING" GARAGE : A car is loaded at Genoa into the Italian ship *Italterra*. Originally a "liberty" ship, the vessel, of 7,155 tons, has been converted for the carriage of cars to American ports. There is no need to pack them. They are left standing on the many decks as if they were in an ordinary multiple-storey garage. *Italterra* can carry 1,000 cars. As a result of her voyages Italy hopes to increase her car sales in the U.S.

ON SEA TRIALS IN THE ATLANTIC : The 26,150-ton liner of the Matson Lines, S.S. *Matsonia*, heads for her sea trials off Newport News, Virginia. She has been reconstructed and can carry 760 passengers. She will enter the Pacific Coast-Hawaii service.

TWO NEW BRITISH TANKERS : *Left—British Courage* enters the water at the Hebburn yard, in Durham, of Hawthorn Leslie after her launch by Mrs. Dunkley, wife of Mr. G. W. Dunkley, a director of Iraq Petroleum Ltd. About 32,000 tons deadweight, this single-screw tanker will join the fleet of the B.P. Tanker Company. *Right*—S.T.S. *Zaphon*, flagship of the Shell tanker fleet, is towed from her berth at Wallsend-on-Tyne on the start of her maiden voyage to the Persian Gulf, where she will load 35,000 tons of crude oil and return to north-west Europe. The 38,000-ton tanker was built by Swan Hunter & Whigham Richardson at Wallsend.

THE LAST MILLE MIGLIA

Italy's Tragic Motor-Car Race During which Three Drivers and Ten Spectators Lost Their Lives

THE BRITISH ENTRANT WHO LED MOST OF THE WAY: Peter Collins, in his Ferrari, at the starting-point at Brescia, Northern Italy. He led for more than half the race, but had to retire with a broken differential not far from Parma, 142 miles from the finish.

A SUCCESSFUL BELGIAN DRIVER CHECKS IN: Oliver Gendebien, who came in third, arrives at the check-point in Rome. In his Ferrari he did the 1,000-miles route with its many bends in 10 hrs. 35 mins. 53 secs.—only 8 mins. 6 secs. slower than the winner.

THE CAR OF DEATH: The twisted wreckage of the Marquis de Portago's car lying in a ditch after the crash near Mantua, 25 miles from the finish. It left the track and hit a post, then somersaulted several times, killing both drivers and nine spectators.

STIRLING MOSS EARLY OUT OF THE RACE: His Maserati is being pushed in by eager spectators after a brake pedal had snapped 9 miles from the start. Moss was then doing 140 m.p.h., had to brake at a curve and only avoided a disaster by superb driving.

Italy's famous Mille Miglia motor-car race was this year marred by tragedy which will probably mean that this event, as it has been known hitherto, will never take place again. There were criticisms of the dangerous conditions before it took place. These grew to a chorus of horrified protests and calls for its abandonment, both in Italy and elsewhere, after thirteen people had lost their lives. The worst accident happened near Mantua, when the car driven by the Marquis de Portago left the track, crashed into a telegraph pole, bounced, and crushed spectators in its successive somersaults. Both the Marquis and his co-driver, Mr. Edmund Nelson, were killed, and nine spectators died instantly. Two others died in hospital. Children were among the casualties. There were other accidents, two of them fatal: a Dutch driver was killed when he crashed near Florence, a policeman when his motor-cycle skidded. All car and motor-cycle races in Italy have been suspended until the end of the year and the Italian Government has set up a commission to consider the rules of these contests.

The Mille Miglia starts and ends at Brescia, the course of 1,000 miles touching a number of towns in mountainous northern Italy, runs along the Adriatic coast, over the Abruzzi range to Rome, and then back to Brescia through the mountain passes between Florence and Bologna. There were a record number of British car entries, including Jaguar, Austin Healey, Sunbeam Rapier, MGA and Triumph. Stirling Moss, leader of the Maserati team, who won the 1955 Mille Miglia, was early out of the race with brake trouble, and the main British hope centred on Peter Collins. He made the fastest time as far as Rome and beyond; at Siena his average speed was 100·6 m.p.h. Collins was robbed of possible victory 142 miles from the finish by a broken differential. The Italian winner, Piero Taruffi, is a veteran racer, fifty-one years old, and victory has come to him in his fifteenth Mille Miglia.

THE WINNER: Piero Taruffi (left), the fifty-one-year-old Italian winner, receives congratulations from Signor Renzo Castagneto, who flagged him in. Behind Taruffi is his wife. Driving a Ferrari, he finished in 10 hrs. 27 mins. 47 secs., averaging 94·6 m.p.h.

THE START OF THE MILLE MIGLIA RACE: Looking towards the starting ramp of the circuit at Brescia, with light trails showing along the track from the headlamps of the smaller cars, which start at night. The larger cars follow according to their handicap, some at dawn.

ON THE 1,000-MILE COURSE: A German competitor, H. Hermann, in his Maserati, crosses the bridge at Peschiera between Brescia and Verona. The route later joins the Adriatic coast road, and crosses the Abruzzi Mountains to reach Rome.

AN AMERICAN ENTRANT: The 400-h.p. Chrysler, driven by Akton Miller, stops to fill up at Ravenna, near the Adriatic coast, some 190 miles from the starting-point. Miller's passenger is Douglas Harrison.

FROM CITY TO CITY: Crowds collect in Vicenza, as in many other cities. They are watching three of the competitors as the cars roar down the winding road. The overtaking of smaller cars by the larger, and later, starters, is one source of danger which has aroused criticism.

THE END OF THE GRUELLING RACE: Piero Taruffi crosses the line of the Brescia circuit, followed by Wolfgang von Trips, of Germany, who was also in a Ferrari. Von Trips was 3 mins. 1 sec. behind the veteran Italian winner.

THE WINNER, THEN LYING SECOND, CHECKS IN AT ROME: When they left the capital, Collins, the English driver, was leading by more than 5 mins. and his time was only 9 secs. slower than in Moss's record victory of 1955. But the rear axle mishap later gave Taruffi his victory.

ANIMAL ATTITUDES

Play-Time at the Zoo and Whipsnade; and Quaint Companionships in Sweden and France

THE HARE OF A DOG THAT DID NOT BITE: This baby hare is happy in incongruous surroundings, for, surprisingly, it has been adopted by a hunting bitch belonging to a Swedish farmer. The bitch, named Jazza, is a gun-dog accustomed to treating hares as her natural prey, for she regularly accompanies her master when he goes out with his gun. But one day she went for an expedition on her own and returned home gently carrying the little baby hare in her mouth. Jazza has no puppies. She treats the little fellow as her own and shares her sleeping place with the foundling, who, as the picture shows, has the run of the house.

A FRIENDLY ACT: "Monsieur L'Agent" carries his unprotesting pigeon "prisoner," who seemingly "goes quietly" and without fear, along a tight-rope high above the arena of the Salle Wagram in Paris. This is one of several amusing animal acts put on at the famous French amusement centre by Albertus and his partner with their performing cats.

On left—

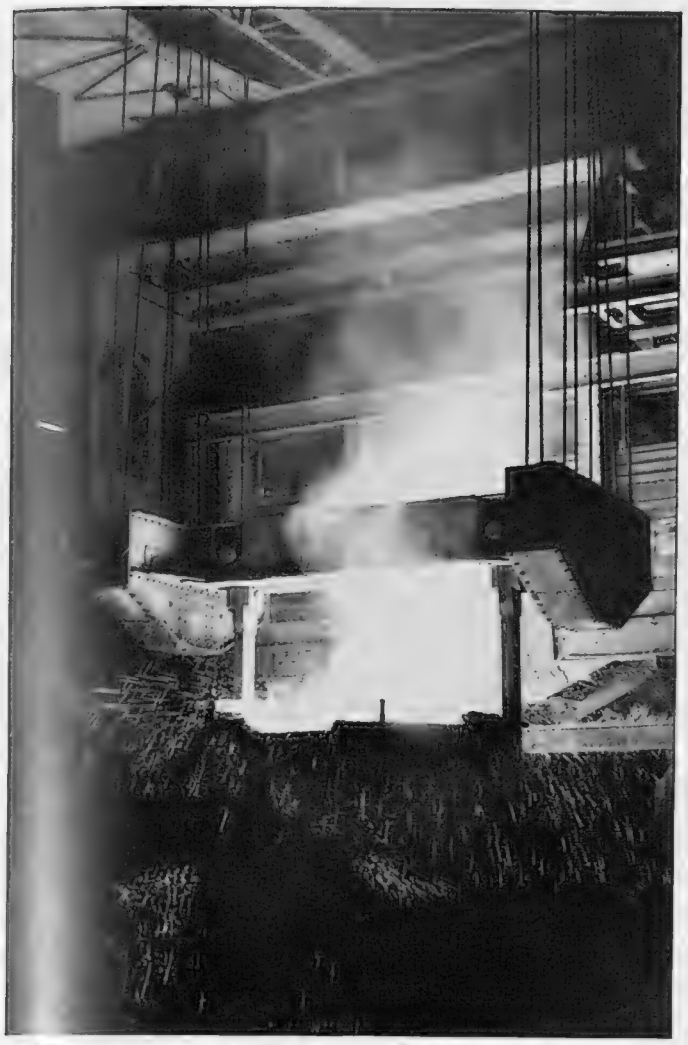
A SEA-LION RELAXES: Born nearly a year ago at the London Zoo this young sea-lion is neither as helpless nor as pathetic as it looks. It is merely sunning itself in a favourite attitude.

POPULAR WHIPSNADE BABIES: Two Kodiak cubs, Whisp and Dena, born at Whipsnade on January 22, with their mother. Their names, anagrammatically formed out of Whipsnade, were selected from suggestions sent by the public.

PRINCESS ANNE'S BEAR FROM RUSSIA: Nikki (the lighter animal) plays with its den companion Rusk at Whipsnade. Nikki, born in Moscow Zoo in February 1956, was a present to Princess Anne, given by Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev last year.

A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING



A TYPICAL "LADLE" IN A STEEL MELTING-SHOP: Sparks fly from the ladle or container as molten steel fills it from a furnace in the Templeborough Works at Rotherham, in Yorkshire. *On right*—in an earlier stage of the filling the giant hooks from a crane come down to pick up the ladle. On the platform behind, second from left, is the Senior Sample Passer and third from left the Sample Passer. These highly-skilled men decide when the molten metal in the furnace is ready to be poured. The firing in the furnace is by oil heated by steam to a temperature of 170 deg. Fah.

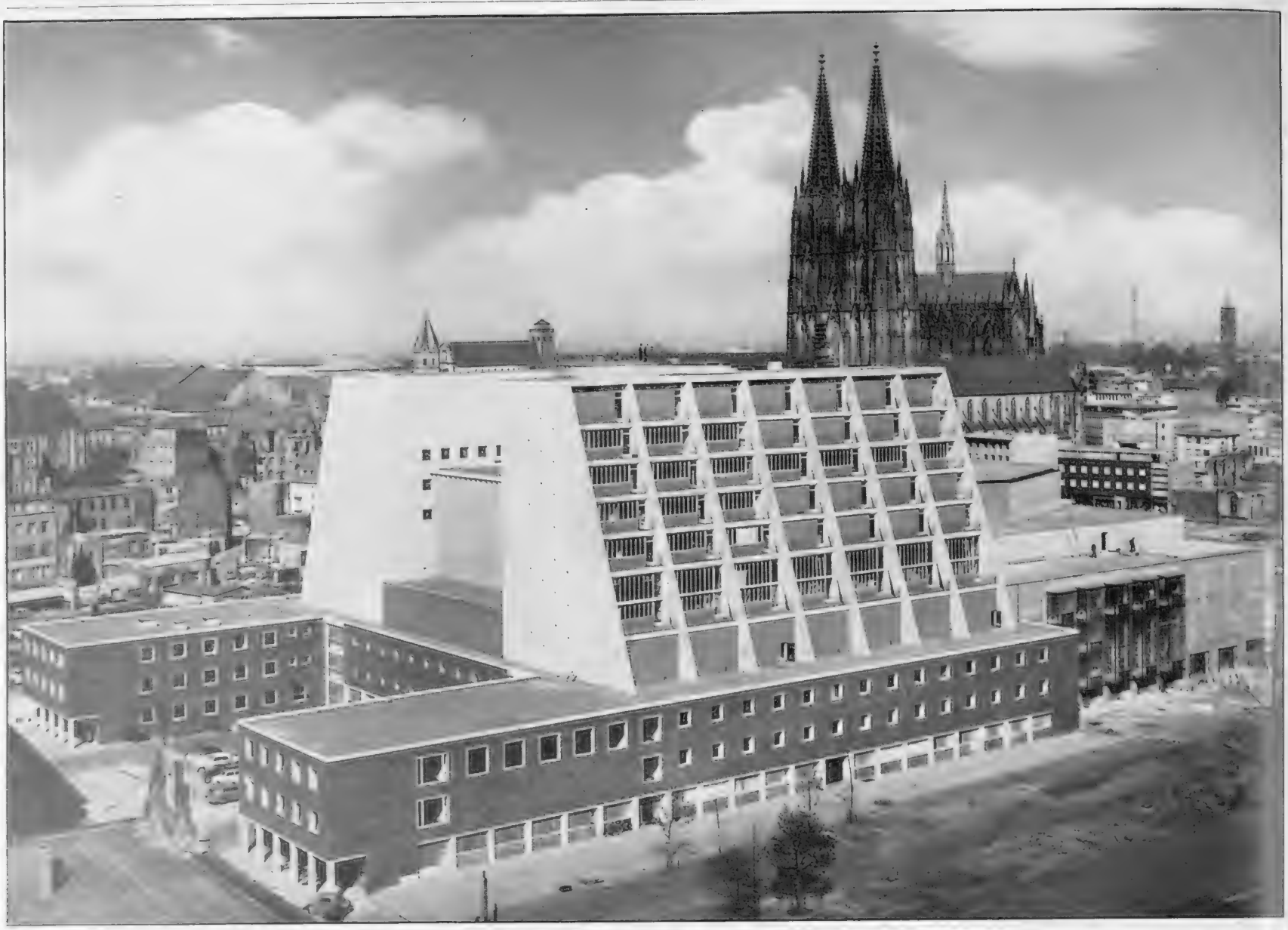
TAPPING STEEL

The tapping or pouring of molten metal from the furnace is a key process in the production of steel. The Templeborough melting shop at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, of Steel, Peech and Tozer (a branch of the United Steel Companies) is the largest open-hearth melting shop in Europe. Such is the demand for its products that it is working three shifts round the clock night and day. The pictures show a vital moment in the operation of one of its fourteen furnaces. After the Sample Passer has given the word for tapping to start, the metal flows at white heat into the "ladle" or container. By an ingenious method, the molten metal comes out first. It is followed by the slag which spills into the slag pot lying below and at the side of the ladle. The slag may later be crushed to become tarmac. The giant hooks from a crane fasten on to the buffer-like lugs at the sides of the ladle (one of them can be seen) and the molten metal is then raised and carried to hang above the ingot moulds. When in position, the stopper for the uncovering hole (the handle on the side of the ladle above the grappling lug) is opened and the metal pours into the moulds. The ingots, each weighing between 3½ to 4 tons, can be rolled or processed. Steam and oil are used in firing the metal in ten of the furnaces at Rotherham, the change having been made from gas firing during recent years. The oil, heated to a temperature of 170 deg. Fah., is injected into the furnace at a pressure of 140 lb. per square inch. The other four furnaces employ pitch creosote firing, which is another modern steel-firing method. The output from the Templeborough shop is 1,000,000 tons of steel annually, over a third of United Steel's production.

DIVERS PAVE THE SEA OFF DENMARK

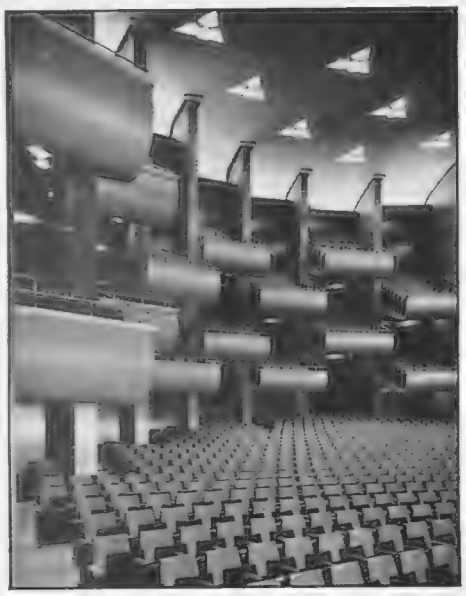
Diving is an unusual profession. But laying a pavement under the sea must be an odd task, even for divers. This has recently been done near Korser, on the Zealand coast of Denmark. The flagstones were lowered into the water with divers standing on them. When they reached the sea-bed the stones were placed in position. The "pavement" is the foundation for a new ferry harbour being constructed to the north of Korser. Road and rail traffic will be carried to it from Nyborg, in Funen, on the other side of the Channel which divides Denmark into two parts. This will mean that travellers will not have to go into Korser, as is the case with the present ferry service. Much time will be saved and the actual ferry crossing from Nyborg will be shorter. The service of boats will also be more frequent. The improvements are a Government project as the ferries belong to the Danish State Railways.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

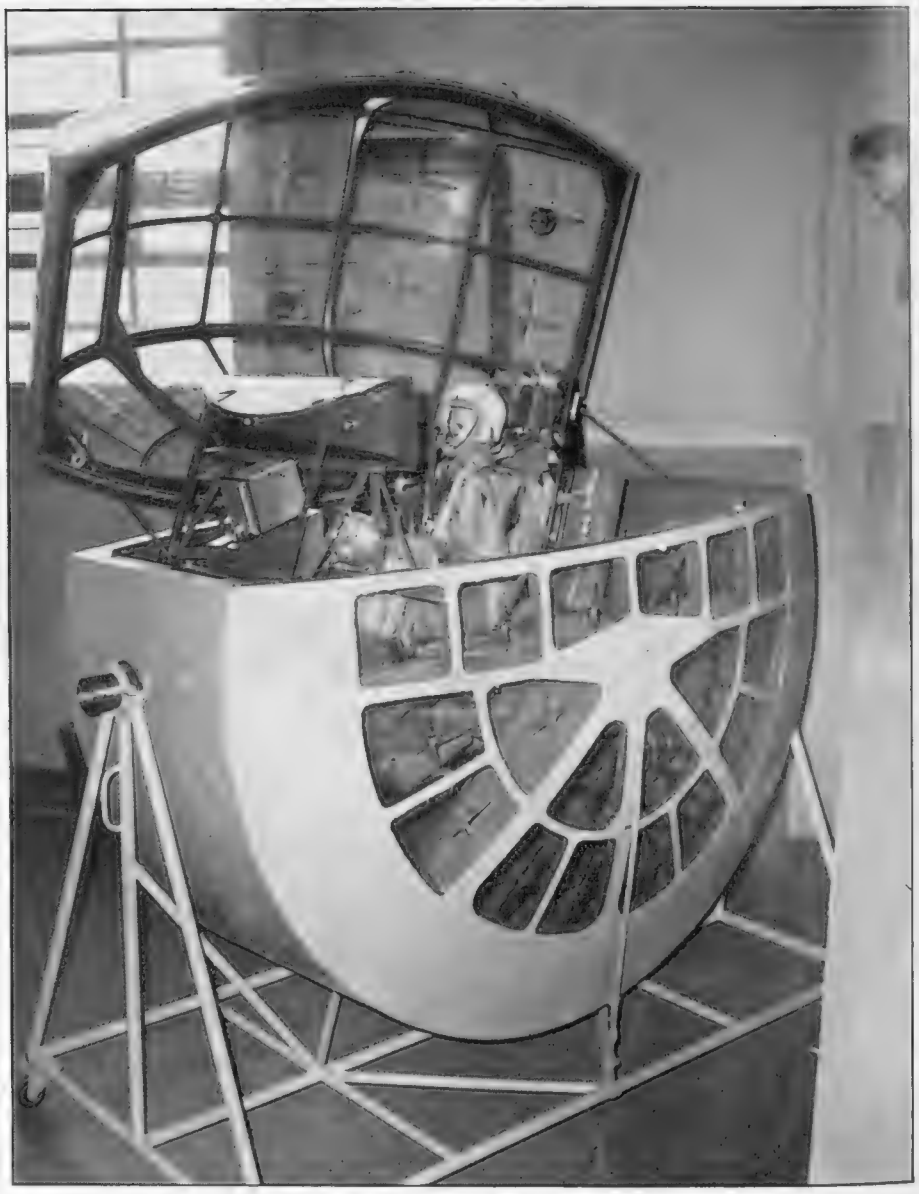


COLOGNE'S NEW OPERA HOUSE

Cologne's unorthodox new Opera House was officially opened last Sunday. The core of the building is a rectangle 253 ft. wide and 394 ft. long and the two terraced constructions on either side of this contain the scenery workshops, painter's studios, rehearsal rooms and stores. Dr. Wilhelm Riphahn, the chief architect, and his collaborator, Herr Hans Menne, were commissioned to erect a building to provide 1,400 seats in an "intimate atmosphere." A smaller house seating 800 and linked to the bigger building was included later at the suggestion of the architects. After a year's planning, construction work on the site began in the spring of 1955—initially on the framework of the stage. The new Opera House has been built in the centre of the city near the Cathedral on the site of the old theatre erected in 1872 by Julius Raschdorf, and destroyed by bombing during the Second World War. The site was extended, however, to the Brüderstrasse and Nord-Südstrasse to allow for more parking space. The main entrances to the auditorium give on to the Nord-Südstrasse, widened at this point in a large arc to provide for the spacious theatre square (164 yards wide and 93 yards in depth). It is planned to erect the theatre café and restaurant on the south side of the square and to link it with the principal foyer of the Opera House by means of a glass-covered bridge. The nerve centre of the building is the courtyard on Krebsgasse, which is flanked by the superintendent's and administrative wings.



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW COLOGNE OPERA HOUSE: There are 900 seats in the pit, and the "flying boxes," which are placed in eleven recesses, each seat about twenty.



TESTING PILOTS' POWERS OF RESISTANCE

On right—

This "wheel" can be made to revolve at high speed around a central shaft, while the television camera which faces the pilot under test registers his physical reactions. The device is in the Medico-Physiological Building of the Flight Test Centre at Bretigny, in France. This building was recently inaugurated at a ceremony attended by M. Laforest, the Secretary of State for the French Air Force. Another interesting apparatus in the new building is a hermetically sealed chamber which can subject pilots to temperatures of -80 deg. C. and simulate high altitude pressures. A major use for these apparatuses is that of perfecting protective and operational clothing for aviators.

MAN CONQUERS THE REMOTE FASTNESS OF WESTERN CANADA: Beneath the snow-clad peaks of British Columbia lies the residential town of Kitimat, the creation of the Canadian Aluminium Company. The aluminium smelter and the industrial section are six miles away on the Douglas Channel.

POWER HOUSE INSIDE A MOUNTAIN: The generators at Kemano are in the power-station in a vast cavern excavated inside a mountain. Kemano is 49 miles from Kitimat and the current is carried on an overhead cable line erected through mountain passes to the smelting plant.

PROGRESS AT KITIMAT

A Further Stage in the Development of the Aluminium Town in British Columbia

UNTIL a few years ago, Kitimat would probably only have been found upon a large-scale map of British Columbia. It was a small fishing village of the Timshian Indians, its name meaning " The People of the Falling Snow." Some 400 miles north-west of Vancouver, and situated some 70 miles inland at the head of the Douglas Channel, its nearest town was Prince Rupert, separated by 70 miles of pine-clad and snow-capped mountains.

To-day a remarkable transformation has taken place. A great new industrial centre has sprung up. It has been called a " miracle of industrial engineering." On any up-to-date map of Western Canada, Kitimat must be a very considerable feature.

It exists for the production of that most essential of modern metals, aluminium, and the entire enterprise has been created by the Canadian Aluminium Company. It can be reached by rail, ship, air and highway, and it is estimated that by the end of this year the population of this new self-governing community (created a municipality by act of the British Columbia Legislature) will number around 16,000. Because of the vast spaces available, planning of the project has been upon model lines.

The making of aluminium requires vast electric power and what is known broadly as Kitimat is, in fact, a number of astonishing projects: a dam and gigantic water reservoir ; a ten-mile water tunnel through a mountain ; a power house carved from a mountain cavern; a power transmission line 49 miles long over the mountains ; a vast smelter and new harbour at the end of a creek; and a residential town. Each one of these is in itself a prodigious example of engineering skill. Taken together they can indeed be termed a " miracle."

It was less than ten years ago that the Aluminium Company of Canada started its survey of the area. Three years later work began on the dam across the Nechako River. Named after Mr. E. T. Kenney, the former Minister of Lands and Forests in British Columbia, it is the largest rock-filled dam in the world. When by the end of this year the waters have finished rising against it, it will contain a reservoir 358 sq. miles in area.

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE LARGEST ROCK-FILLED DAM IN THE WORLD : The Kenney Dam on the Nechako River contains over 6,500,000 tons of rock and clay. It has created a water reservoir 358 sq. miles in area 2,800 ft. above the sea in the mountains of British Columbia. The purpose of the reservoir is to supply power for the generation of electricity for the Kitimat project.

INDUSTRY IN GRAND NATURAL SURROUNDINGS : The covered aluminium conveyer-belt of the smelter at Kitimat runs to the storage silos and sheds. It is situated on the dockside below the pine-clad slopes in fjord-like Minette Bay, at the head of the Douglas Channel. It is planned to have eventually from here an annual aluminium output of 550,000 tons.

THE AREA OF THE HARBOUR AND SMELTING WORKS raw material for aluminium) is unloaded by discharged by hopper and fed into "pots" o

PROGRESS AT KITIMAT

(*Continued from previous page*)

The reservoir supplies the power for electricity. To enable the water to reach the generating station, a tunnel 10 miles long was bored through 7,000-ft. Mount DuBose. The structure is 20 ft. high and 11 ft. wide and the fall of water is computed to be sixteen times the height of Niagara.

The power house is at Kemano and has been built inside a gargantuan cavern carved in a mountain. Some idea of its size can be gathered from the fact that it could hold the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. The generators, driven by the largest multi-nozzle impulse turbines ever constructed, will have an ultimate capacity of 2,240,000 h.p. Kemano is 49 miles from Kitimat. So to carry the power to the aluminium works, engineers laid an overhead cable through country abounding in cliffs, rocks, glaciers and crevasses. At one point the line crosses a mountain pass 5,000 ft. high.

Aluminium derives from a raw material called alumina. This is brought by ship to the new harbour constructed by the side of Lake Minette for the industrial section of Kitimat. It is taken out of the holds of ships by a pneumatic unloader and transported along conveyer-belts to the storage silos or to the smelter itself. In the smelter the alumina is fed into lines of electrolitic cells where it is transformed by electrolysis into molten aluminium. This process requires enormous electric power.

But however prodigious the feats of engineering which have helped to bring it into being, Kitimat still depends in the ultimate analysis on the labou

AT KITIMAT : The main quay is in the left foreground. Of the two crane-like structures on it, the square one on the right is a pneumatic unloader. Alumina (the from ships and carried along the covered conveyer to the storage silos and sheds and on to the large group of buildings which forms the smelters. There the alumina is cells. These are the lines of electrolitic cells where the alumina is converted into molten aluminium. In the extreme left below the pine trees are rows of single men's quarters.

of men and women. In this sense, Kitimat town is perhaps the most important part of all in the project. It is not a "remote" community. Air-lines make Vancouver easily accessible. A daily rail service comes up from Terrace and a great new highway is nearing completion to speed up road traffic. Nor should it be imagined that the people of Kitimat live in rigorous conditions. The climate is temperate and all round the community are scenes of natural glory and grandeur.

It was axiomatic in the planning that the population should live well away from the industrial plant, and residential Kitimat is rising some 6 miles from the smelter. It was inevitable that in the beginning workers and their families had to live in temporary dwellings. But by the end of last year nearly 2,000 permanent dwellings had been built and this year the number will be greatly increased. Homes can be purchased by mortgage under the National Housing Act and there is a hotel with public dining-room and two motels. The municipality already boasts seventeen miles of streets. Along them are a shopping centre, a theatre, three elementary schools and a high school and several churches. Additions to these facilities are being made all the time.

In the region of £200,000,000 will have been spent when the whole Kitimat project is completed. The British Government has given financial aid. It is a sensible investment. For it means that as Kitimat comes into full production, economically priced aluminium will become increasingly available to British industries and that Kitimat will be an important Commonwealth partnership.

A RECTIFIER UNDER CONSTRUCTION : When completed it will convert electric current from generators to the particular powers required for the processing of the aluminium. The construction of the residential area at Kitimat is also proceeding. The aluminium town has been established a municipality by special Act of the British Columbia Legislature.

TRAPPED BELOW GROUND

The Dramatic Rescue of a Boy from a Well in America

ENCOURAGEMENT TO HIS SON: Benjamin Hooper, Senior (right), calls down the well-shaft at Manorville, New York, to his seven-year-old son, who was trapped.

A DRAMATIC SAPPING OPERATION WHICH ENDED IN SUCCESS: Arc lights are shone on the top of the shaft which was sunk parallel with the well-shaft so that seven-year-old Benjamin Hooper could be brought up alive. The wooden planks were used to shore up the opening at the top. Work continued through the darkness before success was achieved. Young Hooper was playing in the garden of his home at Manorville, Long Island, when he tripped and slid down a shaft sunk by his father to a depth of 21 ft. in a search for water. About 3 ft. wide at the top, the shaft tapered off to being very narrow at the bottom. The boy's descent was broken by his windbreaker jacket, but when he came to rest at the muddy base he had only one hand free and could only move his head. When it became obvious that the child could not be raised directly up the shaft, a major sapping operation was started. Men and machines began digging a parallel shaft with a view to turning it at the bottom and driving it through to reach Benjamin. But this inevitably required time, and as darkness set in and the night hours passed, the boy was clearly becoming weaker, although oxygen was being pumped to him. Equipment from the Brookhaven National Laboratory, a near-by atomic research centre, was brought up in the efforts to stop sand falling from the sides of the shaft and burying him. Eventually, nearly twenty-four hours after the accident, he was reached from the parallel shaft and brought up alive. Broadcast reports of the dramatic rescue were followed with great interest all over America.

WATCHING A SLOW PROGRESS: The crowd at the top of the shaft waits for reports from those sinking it. The sappers knew they would have to drive down about 25 ft. before they could hope to turn at right-angles underground and burrow forwards another 12 ft. to the trapped boy. Progress could only be slow, and there were fears that meanwhile the trapped boy would not survive.

On right—

AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS UNDERGROUND: Young Benjamin Hooper lies in an oxygen tent at Bayview Hospital in Mastic, New York, watched by his father. When he became stuck in the bottom of the 21-ft. shaft in the garden of his home, modern aids, including oxygen pumps, were used to keep him alive.

PLANNING THE DRAMATIC RESCUE: Men lie on boards across the head of the subsidiary shaft and talk with those below to plan the correct angle which must be driven for any chance of the boy being rescued.

"TITUS" ON TOUR IN EUROPE

The Oliviers Head the Stratford Production at the Paris Festival

The opening at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre of *Titus Andronicus*, the British contribution to this year's Paris Festival, was a great theatrical occasion. Many leading personalities of the French stage and screen were in the distinguished audience to see the Shakespeare Memorial Company from Stratford-upon-Avon. The production by Peter Brook in 1955 was the first ever given of the play at Shakespeare's birthplace, and most critics agreed that Sir Laurence Olivier, as the Noble Roman General, gave one of his most memorable performances. Now Paris has formed a similar opinion. With Sir Laurence is an outstanding cast. The last performance at the theatre is today (May 25). During the next few weeks the production is making an extensive tour of Europe, visiting Venice, Belgrade, Zagreb, Vienna and Warsaw. It is due to come to the Stoll Theatre in London at the beginning of July. This will be the second time London has seen this play this year, the first having been at the Old Vic.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE LEADING PLAYERS IN THE PRODUCTION OF "TITUS ANDRONICUS" IN PARIS: Sir Laurence Olivier (Titus) and Vivien Leigh (Lavinia) are surrounded by distinguished well-wishers after the opening at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. Left is Gerard Philipe, the French film actor; behind Miss Leigh is Maurice Chevalier and, right, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. *On right*—Miss Leigh is with Lady Jebb, the wife of the British Ambassador.

AT THE START OF THEIR EUROPEAN TOUR: Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh are seen in their costumes in the Stratford production of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*, which is Britain's contribution to this year's Paris festival. The play is to tour several European cities before coming to London.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH OCCASION: Vivien Leigh and Maurice Chevalier meet after the first night of *Titus Andronicus* in Paris. Peter Brook's production was first presented at Stratford two years ago.

ROKIN—ONE OF AMSTERDAM'S MAIN THOROUGHFARES: Amsterdam is built on many thousands of piles and colourful waterways called grachts, cut through the centre of the city. This combination of streets and canals is wholly unlike that of any other large city in the world. At the end of the avenue of trees seen in this picture is the tourist office.

The Sphere of Travel

A WANDERER IN THE NETHERLANDS

The Leisurely Traveller Enjoys the Best of Dutch Life

By GORDON COOPER

I CAN think of no more restful holiday abroad than to make the short journey across the North Sea to Holland. But you must go there in the right frame of mind and be satisfied with the peaceful tempo of the Dutch way of life. I would not have it otherwise, and prefer it, indeed, to the artificial jollity which is being increasingly developed in those other lands whose resorts are being more and more organised to provide what the modern tourist is said to want.

Each person who goes to the Netherlands must discover the secret of the country for himself, and gain his own personal impression. Some will discover it suddenly as they come to a turn in a winding road and see before them the quiet glory of the flat polder-land in the setting sun. Others will capture it in a moonlit market place closed in by medieval gabled houses, and for a moment the feeling comes that the hour is really midnight, A.D. 1450. The quiet spirit of Holland will be seen in a yacht, gliding between green meadows and grazing cattle, with the clear sky overhead. Others will feel a self-identification with Holland while lying on one of the wide North Sea beaches or walking knee-deep in a field of tulips. Of first interest, however, are the people themselves, not merely for such characteristics as kindliness and cleanliness, but for the courage and tenacity they have shown through the centuries, and still show, in their constant struggle with Nature and the consequent creation of much of their land. This is, indeed, a triumph of the human spirit unexcelled by any other nation.

For the sightseeing tourist, Amsterdam and The Hague are the most important centres. From the former, Alkmaar, Haarlem, Volendam and Marken, Utrecht and the enticing little "dead" towns of Hoorn and Enkhuisen are easily reached; while from The Hague (or nearby Scheveningen) you have the choice of Rotterdam, Delft, Dordrecht, Leyden and Gouda. With the eight-day season ticket issued by the Dutch railways, you can cover much ground at reasonable cost. Incidentally, distances between the two suggested centres and the art cities I have named are small, and the electric train services so frequent and rapid, that the traveller experiences practically the same convenience as that provided by London's underground network.

There are, of course, organised excursions in Amsterdam and The Hague; but I cannot believe that any intelligent traveller would be satisfied with, say, a half-hour's "rubberneck" tour of Delft or Haarlem. These Dutch art towns, large and small, cry out for the browser. It is only by sauntering on your own through their streets that you can absorb their peculiar medieval atmosphere. I recently spent a week-end in Delft, and it is an exquisite memory that stands out among all my travels. Incidentally, the local tourist offices in Holland, called "V.V.V.", are most helpful and are well-supplied with practical information booklets.

Another kind of Dutch holiday which I can recommend is to travel through the provinces of the North and South Netherlands by motor yacht. There are two firms (Yacht Holidays Ltd. and European Yacht Cruises Ltd.) which offer leisurely eight-day cruises on comfortable and well-appointed yachts. The inclusive charges, from London back to London, are 34 gns. and 32 gns. respectively. Any good travel agent can supply further particulars. It is also possible to charter with or without crew, sailing yachts and motor cruisers for parties of four to eight persons.

These cruises along the Dutch inland waterways provide as satisfying a rest-cure as one could wish for. Without any exertion, you are borne through a constantly-changing scene: between the meadows, under the noses of the great black-and-white cows; past herons fishing in the rushes; through little villages with dazzling milk-cans being scoured on the banks, and the women washing, and silent smokers in slippers meditating by the hour; through the towns; under low bridges crowded with children; through narrow locks; ever-moving, slowly and surely, with the wide Dutch sky overhead.

"Holland," wrote E. V. Lucas, "is a country of canals. It may have cities and pictures, windmills and cows, quaint buildings, and quainter costumes, but it is a country of canals before all. The canals set the tune. The canals keep it deliberate and wise."

While all of the Netherlands delights me, I have perhaps a special preference for the province of Friesland. The people there speak a different kind of language which even their own fellow-countrymen elsewhere cannot understand. The Frisians, too, are renowned for their spirit of independence. "Free is just another name for Frisian," goes the motto. Their history is but a long battle against invaders, and even the legions of Rome failed to subject them.

Leeuwarden, the provincial capital, is a good base from which to explore the surrounding countryside. It resembles an English market town in many ways—being crowded with livestock and farmers on market days, and serene for the rest of the week. Here are the headquarters of the Friesland Pedigree Herd Book Society, outside of whose offices is a life-size statue of a Friesland cow—a well-merited honour, for the "black-and-whites" have played an outstanding part in the development of milk production all over the world.

Prosperous and dignified, Leeuwarden has some interesting local sights, including its Frisian Museum, which shows that the province has for centuries been an important cultural centre. Its Oranje Hotel provides satisfying accommodation and excellent food.

From Leeuwarden, several fascinating excursions can be made across the flat countryside to a number of ancient towns, of which some of the more notable are:

Franeker.—This town still seems to retain some of the atmosphere of learning that once belonged to it from its university which Napoleon suppressed in 1811. Its Town Hall, fifteenth-century church, and the Corn Carriers' House are all attractive medieval buildings. The museum is also entertaining, not least for its souvenirs of Anne-Marie van Schurmann, a learned but amorous blue-stocking of the seventeenth century, who spoke ten languages, including Ethiopian, excelled in painting and sculpture, and was an expert performer on various musical instruments. A different kind of genius was Eise Eisinga, a wool-comber, who built an amazing planetarium, which is open to the public. It has been in operation for 200 years, and is an imposing

A TYPICAL DUTCH SCENE: A view of the town of Sneek. *On right*—The moat-encircled town of Naarden: this quaint little medieval settlement was the scene of a ghastly massacre during the Eighty Years' War with Spain.

ALONG THE GOTA CANAL

Last year I made the leisurely but rather uncomfortable trip along the Göta Canal between Gothenburg and Stockholm. It took sixty hours. This year an entirely new service is in operation, combining transportation by motor-coach modern canal cruiser, and train. It offers considerable improvements. The journey now lasts thirty-five hours, and the night-halt is spent at the comfortable Stads Hotel in Motala. The tour can be made in either direction (Gothenburg-Stockholm or Stockholm-Gothenburg), the itinerary being the same in each instance. From Gothenburg to Töreboda you travel by Linjebuss coach, thence by canal cruiser along the canal and across the beautiful lakes of Vättern and Boren until Linköping is reached. From there the train brings you in three hours to the capital city of Stockholm. Organised by the well-known Linjebuss International, the inclusive cost of the tour is about £17. Tickets and reservations can be made through travel agents, or in case of difficulty, from the U.K. agents: The British and Northern Shipping Agency Ltd. Marlow House, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.3

A VIEW IN THE PROVINCE OF FRIESLAND : The depth of water in the Friesland lakes is rarely more than 4 ft. and they are, in consequence, particularly safe for sailing holidays with children. The cows seen grazing in the fields are of the famous black and white Friesland Pedigree Herd of which the province is rightly proud. Leeuwarden, the provincial capital, in many ways reminiscent of an English country town, is a good base from which to explore the surrounding towns and countryside.

tribute to the industry and ingenuity of this inventor. It is worth noting that Franeker is the main centre for the unique Frisian ball-game called "It Keatsen." The "Cup Final," held on the first Wednesday of August, attracts large and enthusiastic crowds, while it is also recognised in the province as a public holiday.

Marsum.—Here, three miles from Leeuwarden, is the Popta Slot, a fine sixteenth-century manor house. The interior, now a museum, has not been changed since the death of the last Popta in 1722. Here is a great chest which gets a special polishing once a year by the old ladies from the nearby almshouses in place of paying rent.

Bolsward.—Like many other Frisian towns, it has a wonderful Renaissance Town Hall, with a notable façade. There are several fine houses in the main street, and the church has an interesting interior.

Sneek.—This is the most important yachting centre in Friesland. In this part of the province waterways stretch in every direction. Personally, I would prefer to recommend Hernewoude and Grouw as the best centres for those who wish to hire a sailing-boat. The V.V.V. at Leeuwarden can supply particulars, while World Holidays Afloat Ltd. act as British representatives of the Netherlands Boat-Owners' Association. Incidentally, the depth of water in the Frisian Lakes is rarely more than 4 ft., so conditions are unusually safe for youngsters.

Sloten.—This delectable little medieval walled town has hardly changed through the centuries. It has a waterway running through its centre, complete with water gates and old bulwarks. This toy fortress would appeal to the escapist. Simple accommodation is available.

Hindeloopen.—This is one of the "dead ports" of the Zuider Zee. It is an enchanting place, famed for its gaily-painted furniture.

The West Frisian Islands.—Terschelling, Ameland, Vlieland and Schiermonnikoog are islands lying off the coast of Friesland, to which province they belong. All have magnificent beaches and an interesting bird life. Simple accommodation is available, and each island is linked to the mainland by boat services. The V.V.V. at Leeuwarden can supply further particulars. Further west is Texel, an island which is an important bird reserve. Den Burg is its only small resort, which during July and August tends to become crowded with German groups.

I should have liked to have written about some of my other favoured corners of the Netherlands, especially Zeeland, where Middelburg is a good centre for various excursions to ancient towns. That is a very real attraction in to-day's world where so many of us have little time to spare for anything that really matters.

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The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

DESERT, SEA AND MOUNTAINS

A Journey Through Libya; Explosive Cargo; History Round the Pyrenees; Lord Halifax's Memoirs; Boxing and Cricket; The Basis of Human Relations

TRAVEL and adventure open the lists this week with three books which prove, among other things, that English men and women still have what it takes for these exploits. What is required is not only exceptional physical courage but also an almost superhuman disregard for physical comfort. DESERT WELCOME (Hodder and Stoughton. 17s. 6d.) is Mr. Charles Hartnoll's account of an expedition undertaken across Libya to the strange oasis town of Ghadames. In this age of well-organised scientific missions and equally streamlined archæological "digs," it is somehow reassuring to note that Mr. Hartnoll's expedition was undertaken purely for adventure and for a chance to know the Libyan people better. A friendly book, both in its attitude to the Libyans and to prospective readers, and an admirable guide to the hinterland of a spacious lonely country which has only known independence in the last few years.

SCAPA FERRY (Peter Davies. 15s.) demonstrates an even greater indifference to the creature comforts, as well as spectacular courage on the part of Mr. Antony Bridges, his wife and the occasional crew of the small sailing yacht whose wartime adventures he tells here. It seems that in 1939 Mr. Bridges, being physically incapacitated from other forms of active service, volunteered with his boat and his extremely pretty and extremely brave wife, to carry explosives from Caithness across the Pentland Firth to Scapa Flow. For much of the time the weather was Arctic and the seas rough; for the entire time of the assignment the danger was constant. This cheerful book is the story of the whole fantastic adventure.

Miss Nina Epton is the kind of traveller who likes her geography spiced with a good helping of history. In her new book, NAVARRE: THE FLEA BETWEEN TWO MONKEYS (Cassell. 25s.), she writes about her own exploration of the region on both sides of the Pyrenees which used to be the kingdom of Henri IV. It was also, in the Middle Ages, a country so coveted by France and by Spain that one of its kings made the crude but effective analogy that Miss Epton has used in her title. Back and forth through the passes and valleys of the mountain barrier, from Pau to Pamplona, went our tireless and erudite traveller, and the fruit of her journeyings is this absorbing, richly-patterned book.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM REMEMBERS: The eighty-three-year-old author is preceded by his secretary, Mr. Allan Searle, on a stroll through Heidelberg, where Mr. Maugham was a medical student sixty years ago. This picture was taken recently while he was in the German town on his tour of Europe "to visit places dear to me." Last night (Friday, May 24) the Sadler's Wells Opera Company gave the world premiere of *The Moon and Sixpence*. The libretto is based on the Maugham novel.

A statesman, a poet and a golfer; there could scarcely be three more contrasted types to study in three new biographies. FULNESS OF DAYS (Collins. 25s.) is the Earl of Halifax's story which he calls "a rambling pot-pourri," and which I would call a graceful and generous autobiography. His career has included the offices of Viceroy of India, Foreign Secretary and British Ambassador to the United States. That he has also been a Master of Foxhounds and a Fellow of All Souls gives some idea of the range of his private interests. I found his book unusually interesting and without any proconsular pomp, with some extremely acute, though charitably restrained comments on colleagues and allies and a very pleasant sense of humour.

Mr. George L. Watson has written a study of that most baffling of literary figures, A. E. Housman, and has written it, moreover, with a freedom from preconceived opinion and a freshness and penetration that are a delight to the thoughtful reader. A. E. HOUSMAN: A DIVIDED LIFE (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is well titled, for Housman's career as well as his emotional existence were punctuated by crises and his brilliant academic reputation was a comparatively late recognition of his powers.

THE WALTER HAGEN STORY (Heinemann. 30s.) is all about the man who said: "I never wanted to *be* a millionaire—I just wanted to live like one." And so he often has in a career of championship golf and showmanship that has no equals up to date. Walter the Haig, as I understand he is familiarly known, has unquestionably been one of the greatest players in the game's history, and the new champions are the ones who will endorse that with the most conviction. He has also been one of the most spectacular figures in the game in another sort of way. His exploits include turning up for a match in evening dress after a particularly gay night and then going round in 68. He was also known to arrive in a fabulous cortege of cars and fans, and has made sartorial history with his fine cashmere sweaters, his fleecy overcoats and his taste in ties. "The Haig's" collaborator in this book, Margaret Seaton Heck, pays tribute to his greatness as a golfer and as a character, but perhaps Henry Cotton's line sums up most concisely. "I do not think I have met anyone," he writes, "who had the capacity and the health to enjoy so much what most of us call 'a good time.'"

One has to admit that there probably are people who don't like cricket, and there certainly are many who don't appreciate its finer points, so I can say right away that CAPE SUMMER AND THE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.) is not a book for them. It is, however, the kind of book that thousands of people like myself should enjoy, whether they are Test players, rabbits or mere spectators. Mr. Alan Ross writes in Part I of his book about the 1956 Test matches, about the bright lights of the Australian side and about our own magnificent team. In the second part he studies the Tests in South Africa this winter. Throughout he relates the playing and the watching of cricket to the countryside of its background: a delightful idea that Mr. Ross treats with great success.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has spoken recently in praise of the work of a little priest in Naples who has taken off his cassock to live among the beggars, the children and the 200,000 workless in the Neapolitan slums. In CHILDREN OF THE SUN (Heinemann. 16s.) Mr. Morris West tells the moving and often terrible story of these young people, the *scugnizzi*, or spinning tops, who have neither homes nor security and who make some sort of a living from peddling contraband, acting as pimps, or couriers for drug rings, or pickpockets. His tale of the Urchin Priest among them is often tragic but still inspiring.

Just 100 years ago, that pioneer of great war correspondents, William Howard Russell, of *The Times*, had returned from the Crimea after writing the memorable despatches that altered the course of British action there, had visited Moscow for the Tsar's Coronation and was on his way to India to report on the Cawnpore massacre and the aftermath of Lucknow. MY INDIAN MUTINY DIARY (Cassell. 30s.) is his private record of what he found and the action which he saw at that time. Even more than his printed records, these pages show the degree to which he was involved in the history of his day, his clear perception and the occasionally startling note of prophecy. Mr. Michael Edwardes has edited the diary with real understanding and, from his own studies of British rule in India, has contributed an essay on the background and consequences of the Mutiny.

The Overstreets, Harry and Bonaro, are an American couple of considerable reputation in their own country, whose work is the study of human relations and who have written a number of books on what can roughly be described as the human being's approach to life as it has to be lived in our day and age. THE MIND GOES FORTH (Peter Davies. 21s.) is their latest volume, and in this they examine, in terms within the layman's grasp, the problem of understanding. This, they hold, is the central problem of our times: a matter, as they see it, of making living-space for other people's thoughts and opinions. I must confess that I started to read this book with certain reservations, but its good sense and lack of pretension and, above all, its sincerity, won me over completely.

AMERICA'S CIVIL WAR

The Conflict which Convulsed Half a Continent

To attempt to write a history of the American Civil War, the war between the States, in one volume is in itself an act of courage which can stem only from deep enthusiasm for the subject. It demands a more than ordinary understanding of the vast conception of this complex conflict which spread more than halfway across the continent, convulsed a nation in the making, set one way of life against another, and finally brought civilian men, women and children of the "deep south" into the very forefront of the battle. In THIS HALLOWED GROUND (Gollancz. 16s.) Bruce Catton presents the picture of the entire fight to preserve the Union. He adopts the Federal point of view, but never for one moment forgets to write in terms of the men from both sides who lived and died upon the field of battle. There is already a considerable literature on the Civil War. The question arises, has Mr. Catton got something to contribute that is new and helpful? Some readers may feel that in presenting the Northern viewpoint, as he professes to do, the author is less than just in assessing Confederate achievement. Let it be said that Mr. Catton writes intelligently and well. He is no master in the field of civil-war history, but a well-read and enthusiastic student who has written a book that is often moving and exciting and invariably correct in its facts.

"They hanged my saintly Billy," declared old Mrs. Palmer when she heard on that June day in 1856 that her son, William Palmer, the Staffordshire surgeon and racehorse owner, had been executed for the murder of his friend and brother-sportsman, John Parsons Cook. Robert Graves, exploiting his genius in a new field, has examined the records of Palmer's trial and the extensive Palmeriana which has been preserved. He challenges Palmer's right to rub shoulders with Crippen, Peace and Brides-in-the-Bath Smith, and demonstrates that Palmer's trial was a miscarriage of justice. The Lord Chief Justice and the Attorney-General went all out to get a verdict of guilty from their hand-picked jury, even though the medical evidence broke down and the circumstantial evidence conflicted. THEY HANGED MY SAINTLY BILLY (Cassell. 21s.) is an engrossing book about a truly extraordinary character. Palmer was a self-confessed forger; he doped racehorses and he robbed his fellow-sportsmen after giving them knock-out draughts to cloud their wits. But he was known also as a generous and kindly fellow, and in his own day his mother was not by any means his only advocate. Mr. Graves presents his subject against the bustle and vigour of the Victorian scene with a wealth of detail, dwelling in particular on the twelve-day trial, one of the most notorious ever held at the Old Bailey.

Ten years and more have been spent compiling A HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL (Phœnix House. 50s.), and it is surely a matter for regret that this important work edited by Dean Matthews and the Rev. W. M. Atkins, the Cathedral Librarian, does not bring us right up to date. It does not have to be stressed that the Holford proposals for St. Paul's and its setting are vitally important. At the moment the decision on the Precinct lies with the Minister of Housing and Local Government. Perhaps a few days or weeks or months of patience would have allowed the editors the opportunity of dealing with Sir William's far-reaching plans. Even so, this is an excellent volume full of good writing and superb illustrations, recording in detail not only the continuous story of our great National Church, but that of the men who have been associated with it.

Those who have a taste for the sea and its solitudes will derive much pleasure from Hugh Popham's CAPE OF STORMS (Hart-Davis. 21s.). Out of the lonely life of the trawlermen off the snow-clad coast of northern Russia Mr. Popham has written a fresh and lively narrative full of fine descriptive writing, even though the voyage he describes passed without collision or stranding, fire, mutiny or arrest for poaching. For the trawlermen there is drama enough even amid the routine.

Here is a book for the country-lover, essentially for those who would gain a closer understanding with the ruthless, commonsense, severely realistic animal world. In THE WILD AND THE TAME (Geoffrey Bles. 18s.) Huldine Beamish gives us the benefit of her deep knowledge and vast experience, and does it expertly. The excellent draughtsmanship of Elizabeth Gray adds to the excellence of this beautifully-presented book.

THE MOUNTAIN WORLD 1956-57 (Allen and Unwin. 25s.) is a most splendid annual. The English version is edited by Malcolm Barnes, and this edition lays special stress on American exploits. Bradford Washburn writes on Mount McKinley and his article is illustrated with some superb mountain pictures.

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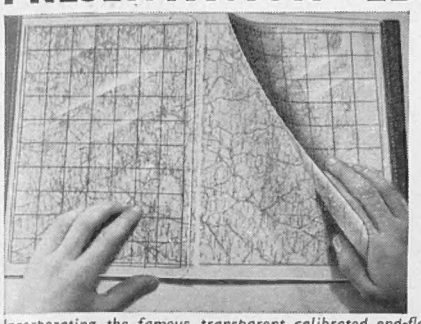

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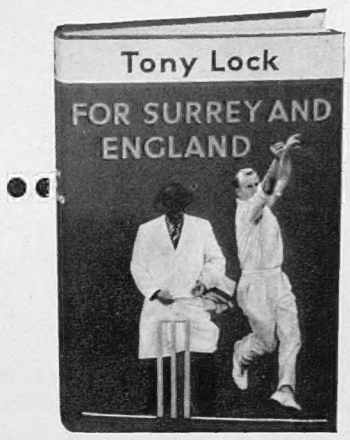

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CASSELL

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" ON THE LONDON STAGE: Virginia Zeani, who sings the title role, and Giacinto Prandelli as Sir Edgar, of Ravenswood, are seen during a performance of Gaetano Donizetti's opera which opened the current season of Italian opera at the Stoll Theatre. It was the first performance of the opera in London since 1925. *On right*—A reflection in the mirror of Virginia Zeani as she prepares for her performance in *Lucia*. There are six operas in the repertoire. In addition to *Lucia*, with its Scottish setting, they are *Elisir D'Amore* (also by Donizetti); *Aida* and *La Traviata* (Verdi); *La Bohème* (Puccini); and *Don Giovanni* (Mozart). The Royal Philharmonic and London Symphony Orchestras are conducted by Vincenzo Bellezza, Manno Wolf Ferrari and Franco Mannino, and the producer is Remo Della Pergola. The chorus is from the Teatro Verdi of Trieste. This season of Italian opera continues until June 8.

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"MIMI" WITH HER MASCOT: Renata Scotto poses with her mascot Papperino, the duck, backstage. The mascot was given to the singer when she made her debut at Milan's Teatro Nuovo four years ago.

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